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JOAN OF ARC.

THE LIFE
OF
JOAN OF ARC,

The Maid of Orleans.

BY
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UTHOR OF 'LIFE OF LADY JANE GREY,' ETC, ETC



PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER & COATES.

TO

William Henry Burleigh

A DEAR AND FAITHFUL FRIEND

This Volume

IS

DEDICATED

PREFACE.

THE present volume is not an elaborate essay upon the Maid of Orleans,—neither is it a minute history of France from her birth to her death. I have, in preparing it, had principal reference to the popular mind. The first thing necessary was to consult closely and carefully all the proper authorities; next, to write a plain history of the life of Joan. With the reliable facts before me, and the tragical story in my heart, I have endeavored to relate it naturally, very likely, in passages, reflecting the language as well as the facts of my authorities. I claim credit only as a compiler. I have in no instance used any but the most reliable authorities; and this little story of one whose name will ever be one of the brightest on the page of history, may be relied on as true in every particular.

In the introductory chapters of the book I have quoted at some length from Froissart, for the double

purpose of giving the reader an impression of the state of France at that time, politically and socially, and to show him the causes which made the English masters of Orleans, Rheims, Paris, and nearly all the great cities of France.

There has recently been some dispute in reference to the *name* of the Maid of Orleans. The *London Literary Gazette*, under date of October 16, 1852, says :

“ We have this week to correct a blunder of considerable historical importance, which has remained unexposed, and in fact undetected, for the last four hundred years. The name of Joan of Arc, the heroine of France, has always heretofore been wrongly written, not only by English and other foreigners, but by the French themselves. Her real name, it appears, was Darc, not d’Arc:—that is to say, plain Joaa Darc; not Joan *of* Arc. To be called *d’Arc*, Joaa should have been of noble family, whereas she was the daughter of a common peasant, and served as waitress in an inn; or she should have belonged to a place called Arc, whereas she was born at the village of Domrémy in Champagne, commenced her career at

Vaucouleurs, and never, so far as it appears, did any exploits at Arc. The mistaken way of writing the name no doubt arose from the folly of some of the early French historians wishing to make her appear of sufficiently good descent to be entitled to the aristocratic *de*. But it is nevertheless a great wonder that this erroneous spelling should have become universal, and should never have been discovered by any later historian, foreign or French. And the wonder becomes greater still when we call to mind that Joan Darc has been for so long a period the most marked figure in French history, has been the cherished idol of the French people, has been the subject of histories, and plays, and poems, and novels innumerable, and has had pictures and statues by the score executed in her honor. It is the descendant of one of her brothers, a gentleman named Haldat, now living at Nancy, who has brought to light the fact that the heroine has never yet been called by her right name; and it is a little publication of his entitled "*Examen Critique de l'Histoire de Jeanna Darc*," which has just fallen into our hands, that has called our attention to the subject. The proofs that M. Haldat cites are to our mind perfectly clear. Amongst them is the patent by which

King Charles VII. conferred nobility on Joan's family; and in this document the name is written Darc. In fact, if the correct way of writing it had at that time been d'Arc, the patent would not have been required at all, as the family would have been already noble. M. Haldat shows too, very clearly, that Joan's father was named Jacques Darc, that he was a common laborer, and that he originally belonged to the village of Septfond. M. Haldat concludes by saying, 'hope that the name will be henceforth written Darc, and that the heroine will be left in undisputed possession of the plebeian origin.' We fear, however, that the wish will not be regarded. However plain an error may be proved to be, it becomes so venerable by four centuries' duration, that it is almost certain to last forever."

Mahon says: "Joan's brothers and their issue took the name of Du Lis, from the Lily of France, which the King had assigned as their arms. It is said by a writer of the last century that their lineage ended in Coulombe du Lis, Prior of Coutras, who died in 1760. Yet we learn that there is still a family at Nancy, and another at Strasburg, which bear the name of Du Lis, and which put forth a pedigree to prove themselves

the relatives — not, as a modern traveler unguardedly expresses it, the descendants! — of the holy Maid.

De Quincey says: “Modern France, that should know a great deal better than myself, insists that the name is not d’Arc, *i. e.* of Arc, but *Darc*. Now it happens sometimes, that if a person whose position guarantees his access to the best information will content himself with gloomy dogmatism, striking the table with his fist and saying in a terrific voice, “It is so, and there’s an end of it,”—one bows deferentially and submits. But if, unhappily for himself, won by this docility, he relents too amiably into reasons and arguments, probably one raises an insurrection against him that may never be crushed; for in the fields of logic one can skirmish perhaps as well as he. Had he confined his position to dogmatism, he would have enshrouded himself in darkness, and have hidden his own vulnerable points. But coming down to base reasons, he lets in light, and one sees where to plant the blows. Now the worshipful reason of modern France for disturbing the old received spelling, is—that Jean Hordel, a descendant of *La Pucelle’s* brother, spelled the name *Darc* in 1612. But what of that? Beside the chances that M. Hordel might be a gigantic blockhead, it is

notorious that what small matter of spelling Providence had thought fit to disburse amongst men in the seventeenth century, was all monopolized by printers: in France, much more so."

I prefer to cling to the old name, Joan d'Arc, or Joan of Arc, because usage has schooled the ear to like it better than the one of *Darc*; besides, it is by no means yet clear that *Darc* is the proper name.

THE AUTHOR

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1, 1854.

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LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES THE SIXTH — DE CLISSON — DUKE OF BRITTANY — SIR PETER DE CRAON — THE DUKE AND SIR PETER CONSPIRE TO RUIN DE CLISSON — SIR PETER MEDITATES ASSASSINATION — GOES TO PARIS, WHERE DE CLISSON RESIDES — ATTACKS HIM AT NIGHT — NARROW ESCAPE — SIR PETER FLIES TO THE DUKE — THE KING IS INDIGNANT, AND VOWS VENGEANCE.

It will be necessary, in order to understand and appreciate properly the events in the life of Joan of Arc, to review the history of France for a quarter of a century preceding the date of her birth. Charles the Sixth was upon the throne of France, and reigned prosperously. He was on terms of peace with the English, who at this time possessed Calais, Bayonne and Bordeaux. The king gave the most important office in his cabinet to the Constable De Clisson, who was like himself, a Breton. He was a brave and bold

man, and possessed many enemies. Among them was one of the most powerful men in France—the Duke of Brittany. Froissart chronicles the history of their hatred and quarrels, and as the story will give the reader a good idea of France at this period, we will quote it here:

“You have heard before how Sir Peter de Craon, a knight of high birth and great wealth, was disgraced by the King of France and his brother, as well as the reasons for it; and that having retired to the court of Brittany, the duke had assured him Sir Oliver de Clisson was at the bottom of this business. Some supposed the duke had been instigated to say this from his hatred to the constable, whom he wished to dishonor and destroy. While Sir Peter de Craon was with the Duke of Brittany, they had frequent conversations on what means they could employ to put Sir Oliver to death; for they said that if he were but destroyed, no one would seek to revenge his loss; and the duke expressed his regret he had not put him to death when in his castle of Erruine, adding he would willingly give one hundred thousand francs if he could once more have him in his possession. Sir Peter de Craon observing the mortal hatred of the duke

to Clisson, thought of an extraordinary expedient, when meditating alone upon this subject, for it is from appearances we must judge. He resolved, whatever might be the consequences, that he would himself assassinate the constable, or have it done under his own eyes, and not attend to anything until the deed were performed, when he would afterward treat for his pardon. He was no way afraid of what John of Blois, or the Viscount de Rohan, who had married the constable's two daughters, could do against him: he held them very cheap, for, with the assistance of the duke and his family connections, he could withstand them both. The house of Blois was much weakened, and the Count Guy de Blois had just sold the reversion of that county to the Duke of Touraine, which by succession ought to have descended to John of Brittany, who had in this sale been very unkindly treated by the Count de Blois. Now, if the constable were slain, by degrees he would soon get the better of the favorites of the king and the Duke of Touraine. . . .

“Sir Peter persevered in his abominable designs, urged on by that enemy who never sleeps, and who delights in the heart of the wicked man

that is inclined towards him. He regularly formed his whole plan in the manner I shall mention ; but had he foreseen the great evils and mischiefs that ensued from them, it is to be hoped that reason and temperance would have ruled in his heart, to prevent them from being put into execution. It is truly said, that a too great desire to accomplish an object clouds the understanding, and that vicious inclinations over rule virtue. Thus it happened to Sir Peter de Craon, whose eagerness to destroy the constable made him listen to the counsels of folly and madness. He had secured a safe retreat with the Duke of Brittany, after the deed should be done and the constable dead, without fear of any search being there made for him, for the duke had promised him an asylum ; and should the King of France follow him with a powerful army to Brittany, in one night he could embark and sail for Bayonne, Bordeaux, or England, where he could not come after him. The English mortally hated Clisson, for his great severity to them from the time he had turned to the French. . . .

“ Sir Peter de Craon long brooded over this intended deed without mentioning it to any one ; I know not if he ever told it to the Duke of Brit-

tany. Some think he must have disclosed it to him, but others thought the contrary; the first opinion, however, was strengthened if not confirmed by Sir Peter and his accomplices returning by the shortest road, and as expeditiously as possible, to Brittany, instantly after the assassination, as to a place of refuge. . . .

“ You must know that at this period Sir Peter de Craon had a very handsome house near the churchyard of Saint John at Paris, like other great lords, to receive him when he came to that city. This hotel was, in his absence, under the care of a house-steward; and during the last Lent season he had sent varlets thither for his service, with orders to lay in a large store of wines and all sorts of provisions. He had likewise written to the steward to purchase for him armor, such as coats of mail, gauntlets, steel helmets, and other things sufficient for forty men, and to let him know when they were provided, that he might send for them; but to observe the greatest secrecy in the business. The steward, thinking no harm, obeyed the orders and provided the armor; during which time Sir Peter resided at a handsome castle of his in Anjou, called Sablé, from whence he sent at differ

ent times, four or more determined fellows, in the most secret manner possible, to his hotel in Paris. He said to them nothing more when he left them, but ‘When you arrive at my house in Paris, make yourselves comfortable, and ask the house-steward for whatever you may want, who will instantly give it to you ; but do not on any account pass the gates or show yourselves. I will one day satisfy you well for your obedience, and pay you handsome wages.’

“Upon this they departed and journed to Paris, which they entered at their pleasure ; for in those days the gates were never shut, night nor day. At length they amounted to forty courageous bravos, for such were what Sir Peter wanted. There were several among them who, had they known the business they were engaged in, would not have come ; but Sir Peter took good care not to betray his secret. About the feasts of Whitsuntide, Sir Peter de Craon came to his hotel in Paris, not in state, but as privately as his men had done. On his arrival he asked for the porter, and said — ‘I command thee, under pain of having thy eyes thrust out, not to admit either man or woman into the hotel, nor to permit any one to go out without my special

orders.' The porter as well as the house-steward promised obedience. He shut up in their chambers the wife of the latter, her children and the chambermaid. He was in the right to do this. Had these women or children gone into the street, his arrival would have been known; for young children and women naturally tell all they see, and what is intended to be concealed.

"Thus, as I have related, were the whole of his people confined within the walls of the hotel, until the feast of the holy sacrament. You may suppose that Sir Peter had his spies fully employed, to bring him intelligence, but it was not until the eve of this feast he found a fit opportunity to execute his scheme, which had vexed him much.

"It happened that on the feast of the holy sacrament, the King of France kept an open court at the hotel de St. Pol, where he entertained all barons and lords who were in Paris. He was in high enjoyment, as were the queen and the Duchess of Touraine: to add to their amusements, after the dinner, lists were prepared within the courts of the hotel, and young knights and squires, ready armed and mounted for tilting, came thither and justed very gallantly.

The tiltings were well performed, to the delight of the king, queen, ladies and damsels, and lasted until the evening. The prize for the best tilter was adjudged by the queen, the Duchess of Touraine, and the ladies and heralds appointed to the office, to Sir William de Flanders, Count de Namur. The king entertained at supper, in the hotel de St. Pol, every knight who wished to partake of it; and afterward the dancings continued until one o'clock in the morning. When they were over, every one retired to his home without guard and without suspicion. Sir Oliver de Clisson remained the last; and when he had taken leave of the king, he returned to the apartment of the Duke of Touraine, and asked, 'My lord, shall you stay here to-night, or do you go to Poulain's?' This Poulain was treasurer to the Duke of Touraine, and lived at the Croix du Tiroir, near the Silver Lion. The duke replied — 'Constable, I am not determined whether I shall stay or not, but do you go, for it is high time to retire.' 'My lord, God give you a good night,' said Sir Oliver, and went away. He found his servants and horses waiting for him in the square before the hotel; but they had not more than eight or ten torches,

which the varlets lighted. When the constable was mounted, and the torches were borne before him, he rode down the broad street of St. Catharine.

“Sir Peter de Craon’s spies had this day exerted themselves, and he knew every particular relative to the constable — of his staying behind the rest of the company, the exact number of his horses and attendants. He had in consequence quitted his hotel with his men all mounted and secretly armed ; but there were not six of them who knew what his real intentions were. He had advanced to the causeway, near the place of St. Catharine, where he and his people lay hid, waiting for the constable to pass. As soon as the constable had left the street of St. Pol, and turned into the square of the great street, advancing a foot’s pace, with a torch on each side to light him, he began a conversation with one of his squires, saying — ‘I am to have at dinner to-morrow my Lord of Touraine, the Lord de Coucy, Sir John de Vienne, Sir Charles de Angers, the Baron de Ivry, and several more : be sure take care they have all things comfortable, and let nothing be spared.’ As he said this, Sir Peter de Craon and his company ad-

vanced, and without saying a word fell on the constable's attendants and extinguished the torches. The constable hearing the clatter of the horses behind him, thought it was the Duke of Touraine who was playing him a trick, and cried out — 'My lord, by my faith, this is very ill done; but I excuse it, for you are so young you make a joke of everything.' At these words, Sir Peter de Craon, drawing his sword from the scabbard, said, — 'Death, death! Clisson, you must die!' 'Who art thou,' said Clisson, 'that utterest such words?' 'I am Peter de Craon, thy enemy, whom thou hast so often angered, and thou shalt now pay for it. Then calling to his people, he said, — 'Advance, advance! I have found him I was in search of, and whom I have long wanted to seize.' He then struck him several blows, and his men, drawing their swords, fell on him. Sir Oliver was quite unarmed, having only a short cutlass, not two feet long, which, however, he drew, and defended himself with it as well as he could. His servants being quite defenceless were soon dispersed. Some of Sir Peter's men asked if they were to murder all? 'Yes,' replied he, 'all who put themselves in a posture of de-

fence.' They could not resist the attack, for they were but eight, and without armor. Sir Peter's men fully intended to murder the constable, and their master wished nothing more than to see it done; but as I heard from some of those who had been in this attack, the moment that they learnt that the person they were assassinating was the Constable of France, their arms became as it were nerveless through surprise, and their blows were given weakly, and through fear; for in perpetrating wickedness none are bold.

"The constable parried the blows tolerably well with his short cutlass; but his defence would have been of no avail if God's providence had not protected him. He kept steady on horseback sometime, until he was villainously struck on the back part of the head, which knocked him off his horse. In his fall he hit against the hatch of a baker's door, who was already up to attend to his business and bake his bread. Having heard the noise of horses on the causeway and high roads, the baker had, fortunately for the constable, half opened the hatch, and Sir Oliver falling against it burst it quite open and rolled into the shop. Those on horse

back could not follow him, as the entrance was neither wide nor high enough, besides they did work like cowards. It must be owned for truth, that God showed great favor to the constable : if he had not exactly fallen against the hatch, or if it had been closed, he would in falling lost his life, and have been trampled to death by the horses, for they were afraid to dismount. Several of them imagined, even Sir Peter de Craon and the person who had hit him, that the blow on his head which unhorsed him must cause his death ; Sir Peter therefore said, — ‘ Come, let us away ; we have done enough : if he be no, dead he can never recover from the last blow which was given by a lusty arm.’ On saying this they collected together and left the place at a good trot, and were soon at the gate of Saint Anthony, which they passed and gained the fields, for since the battle of Rosebecque the gates were never shut. The Parisians had then their mallets taken from them by the constable, and many of the citizens punished and fined for their imprudent conduct, as I have fully narrated.”

Sir Peter fled to the Duke of Brittany, who received him with open arms. Froissart thus

describes the manner in which the news was broken to the king :

“News of this was carried to the king at the hotel de Saint Pol, just as he was going into bed. In much alarm they said, ‘Ah, sire! we dare not conceal from you a shocking event that has just happened in Paris.’ ‘What event?’ asked the king. ‘Your constable, Oliver de Clisson, is murdered.’ ‘Murdered!’ repeated the king. ‘How, and who has done it?’ ‘Sire, that we do not know; but this misfortune has befallen him hard by, in the great street of St. Catharine.’ ‘Come, quickly light torches, for I will go and see him,’ replied the king. The torches being ready, the varlets bore them before; and the king threw only a cloak over him while the shoes were putting on his feet. The men at arms and ushers of the guard of the palace escorted him. Those who were gone to bed, on hearing what had passed, instantly dressed themselves to follow the king, who had left the hotel de St. Pol in such haste that Sir Walter Martel and Sir John de Lignac were the only chamberlains that attended him, for he would not wait for others, and thus he walked at a good pace, with torches before and behind him.

In this manner he arrived at the baker's shop, which he entered, but the chamberlains with many torches staid without. The king found his constable nearly in the state he had heard him to be in, except that he was not dead; for his servants had stripped him to see if he had many wounds, and where they had been given. The first words the king said were, 'Constable, how fares it with you?' 'Dear sire,' replied he, 'but so so, and very weak.' 'And who has put you in this state?' 'Sire, Peter de Craon and his accomplices have traitorously and without the smallest suspicion attacked me.' 'Constable,' said the king, 'nothing shall ever be more severely punished than this crime, nor can any sufferings make amends for it: run quickly, added the king, 'for doctors and surgeons. These were before sent for, and they arrived from all quarters, particularly those attached to the king's person. On their arrival the king was well pleased, and said, — 'Attend well to my constable, and tell me what state he is in, for I am sorely grieved at his misfortune.' The doctors having declared they would, examined him all over, the king being present, who was greatly angered at this event: he asked, 'If

there was any danger of death?' The doctors unanimously replied, 'Sire, certainly not, and in fifteen days we will restore him to you well enough to ride on horseback.' This answer pleased the king, who said, 'God be praised, this is excellent news.' Then addressing himself to the constable, he said, 'Take care of yourself, and do not think of this or any other business; no crime shall be more rigorously punished than that of these traitors; they shall pay for it as if it were done to myself.' The constable faintly answered, 'May God repay you all, and for your kindness in this visit.'"

CHAPTER II.

THE PROVOST OF PARIS IS ORDERED TO PURSUE SIR PETER — THE DUKE OF BRITTANY IS COMMANDED TO DELIVER UP DE CRAON — HE REFUSES — THE KING SETS OUT TO PUNISH CRAON — STRANGE ACCIDENT AT THE FOREST OF MANS — THE KING BECOMES DERANGED — HE ATTACKS HIS FRIENDS — THE ARMY RETURNS — THE KING'S UNCLES ADMINISTER THE GOVERNMENT.

PETER DE CRAON took refuge with the Duke of Brittany, who had promised to protect him in case he was pursued. He exclaimed upon seeing him :

“ You are a poor creature, and cannot slay a man when you have him in your power.”

His word was given to protect him, however, and well knowing that to obey his pledge would call down upon him the anger of the king, he, nevertheless, hesitated not an instant to give De Craon succor.

The king resolved to punish the bold assassin, and gave orders to the Provost of Paris to pursue him. To show his anger, he executed those of Sir Peter de Craon's men who were left in Paris. The provost not being successful, the

king summoned the Duke of Brittany to deliver up the criminal. His reply was evasive and unsatisfactory, and the king declared war against him. He collected an army together, though he met with opposition from his uncles, the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy, who hated De Clisson on account of his great wealth and influence at court. They endeavored to persuade him to let the constable and De Craon fight out their quarrel themselves, but his majesty very properly insisted upon punishing so dastardly an assassin. He pushed on with his army to the city of Mans. From that place he again sent a demand to the Duke of Brittany to deliver up de Craon. But the duke declared he did not know where he was. This evident falsehood only added fuel to the king's anger, and he determined to overthrow the duke. The history of his derangement is thus described by Froissart :

“ When the King of France had resided about three weeks in the city of Mans, during which time counsels were daily held, and when the knights were returned with the Duke of Brittany's answer, the king said that since he knew what to depend on he would not longer stay at

Mans, for it was displeasing and hurtful to him, but advance towards the frontiers of Brittany, nearer this duke who was supporting the traitor Sir Peter de Craon. The intention of the king was to deprive the Duke of Brittany of his duchy, and nominate a governor of it until his children should be of age to have it restored to them, but the present duke was to be driven thence; and this determination was so firmly rooted in his mind, nothing could make him change it. He set out from Mans between nine and ten o'clock in the morning; and the lords and others who had been quartered there, prepared to follow him after they had heard more and drank a cup. He had the evening before sent for the marshals of his army to his chamber, and ordered them to have the men at arms ready by early morn to march to Angers; 'for,' he added, 'we have determined never to return from Brittany until we shall have destroyed the traitors who give us so much trouble.' The marshals gave their orders for the army to march on the morrow, and assured the captains that it was now determined upon to pursue the road to Brittany. The day the king left Mans was excessively hot, as was to be expected, for it was

the middle of August, when the sun is in its greatest force.

“You must know, in order perhaps to account truly for what followed, that the king, during his stay at Mans, labored hard and assiduously in the council, where he had but little assistance, and was beside not perfectly recovered in health. He had been the whole summer feeble in body and mind, scarcely eating or drinking anything, and almost daily attacked with fever, to which he was naturally inclined, and this was increased by any contradiction or fatigue. He suffered much from the insult offered his constable, so that his physician and uncles noticed that at times his intellects were deranged; but they could not do anything, for he would not listen to what they proposed, nor would he consent, on any account, to defer the expedition to Brittany. I was told that a strange accident happened to him as he was riding through the forest of Mans, for which he ought to have assembled his council, instead of pursuing his march farther. A man, bareheaded, with naked feet, clothed in a jerkin of white russet, that showed he was more mad than otherwise, rushed out from among the trees and boldly seized the reins

of the king's horse. Having thus stopped him, he said, 'King, ride no further, but return, for thou art betrayed.' This speech made such an impression on the king's mind, which was weak, that his understanding was shaken. As the man finished his speech, the men at arms advanced and beat him soundly on his hands, which made him drop the reins. They suffered him to run off, without paying any attention to what he said, thinking he was some madman, for which they were afterward by many blamed and disgraced: they ought at least to have arrested him, to have examined if he really were mad, and to learn why he had uttered such words, and whence he had come. Nothing, however, was done, and he made off by their rear, and was never after seen by any who had the least knowledge of him. Those who were near the king's person heard very plainly the words he had spoken.

"The king and his army passed on; and it might be about twelve o'clock when they were clearing the forest. They now entered an extensive sandy plain, and the sun was so resplendent, and in such force, that scarcely any could endure the heat: the horses consequently suf-

ferred much. There was none so used to arms as not to complain of the oppressive heat; and the lords took different routes, apart from each other. The king rode by himself, to have less dust; and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy, conversing together, kept on his left hand at about two acres' distance from him. The other lords, such as the Count de la Marche, Sir James de Bourbon, Sir Charles d'Albert, Sir Phillip d'Artois, Sir Henry and Sir Phillip de Bar, Sir Peter de Navarre, rode in different paths. The Duke of Bourbon, the Lord de Coucy, Sir Charles d'Angers, the Baron d'Ivry, were following at a gentle pace, talking together, and some distance from the king, not suspecting the misfortune which was on the point of befalling him. It was manifestly the work of God, whose punishments are severe to make his creatures tremble. Have we not seen many similar examples, both in the Old and New Testament, especially in the instance of Nebuchadnezzar, king of the Assyrians! He reigned over them with such power, that nothing was spoken of but his magnificence and glory; when suddenly, in the midst of his pomp, the Lord of kings, God, the Master of heaven and earth, and Creator of all

things, struck him in suchwise that he lost his senses and his kingdom. He continued for seven years in this deplorable state, living on acorns and wild fruits, having the taste of a wild boar or hog. After this period of penitence, God restored him to his senses and memory ; upon which he declared to Daniel, the servant of the Lord, that there was none other God but the God of Israel. To speak truly, the God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, three in name, but one in substance, was, is, and ever will be, of as sufficient power to declare his works as from the beginning, and one ought not, therefore, to be surprised at whatever wonderful things happen. The reason why I speak thus is, that a great influence from Heaven this day fell on the king of France, and as some say, from his own fault. The physicians of his body, who ought to have well known his constitution, declared that, considering the weak state of his health, he should not have thus exposed himself to the heat of the day, but have rode in the cool of the mornings or evenings. Those who had advised otherwise were disgraced ; but he had long been led by his ministers to act just as they pleased. The king rode over this sandy plain

which reflected the heat, which was much greater than had ever before been known in that season : he was, besides, dressed in a jacket of black velvet that added to the warmth, and had only a single hood of crimson, ornamented with a chaplet of large, beautiful pearls, the queen had presented him on his leaving her. He was followed by one of his pages, who had a Montauban cap of polished steel on his head that glittered in the sun, and behind him another page rode on horseback, carrying a vermillion-colored lance, enveloped with silk, for the king, the head of which lance was broad sharp and bright. The Lord de la Riviere had brought a dozen such when he last came from Toulouse, and this was one ; for he had presented the whole to the king, who had given three to the Duke of Orleans, and the same number to the Duke of Burgundy.

“ As they were thus riding, the pages, who were but children, grew negligent of themselves and their horses ; and the one who bore the lance fell asleep, and, forgetful of what he had in his hand, let it fall on the casque of the page before him, which made both the lance and casque ring loudly. The king being so

near, (the pages rode almost on the heels of his horse) was startled, and shuddered ; for he had in his mind the words the wise man or fool had spoken when he seized his horse's reins in the forest of Mans, and fancied a host of enemies were come to slay him. In this distraction of mind, he drew his sword and advanced on the pages, for his senses were quite gone, and he imagined himself surrounded by enemies, giving blows of his sword, indifferent on whom they fell, and bawled out, 'Advance ! advance on these traitors.' The pages seeing the king thus wroth, took care of themselves, for they imagined they had angered him by their negligence, and spurred their horses different ways. The Duke of Orleans seeing him approach with his naked sword, grew alarmed, and spurring his horse, made off, and the king after him. The Duke of Burgundy, hearing the cries of the pages, cast his eyes to that quarter, and seeing the king pursuing his brother with drawn sword, was thunderstruck, and not without reason : he cried out for help, saying —

“ ‘My lord has lost his senses : for God's sake lay hands on him ;’ and then added, ‘Fly, fair nephew of Orleans : fly, or my lord will murder

you.' The Duke of Orleans was much frightened, and galloped as fast as his horse could go, followed by knights and squires. There were now great shoutings, insomuch that those at a distance thought they were hunting a wolf or hare, until they saw it was the king, who was not himself.

“The Duke of Orleans escaped, however, by making several turns, and was aided by knights, squires, and men-at-arms, who surrounded the king, and allowed him to waste his strength on them; for, of course, the more he exerted himself the weaker he grew. When he made a any one knight or squire, they fell before the stroke, and I never heard that in this fit of madness any one was killed. Several were struck down by his blows, because no one made any defence. At last, when he was quite jaded and running down with sweat, and his horse in a lather from fatigue, a Norman knight, who was one of his chamberlains, and much beloved by him, called William Martel, came behind and caught him in his arms, though he had his sword still in his hand. When he was thus held, all the other lords came up, and took the sword from him: he was dismounted, and gently

laid on the ground, that his jacket might be stripped from him, to give him more air and cool him. His three uncles and brother approached : but he had lost all knowledge of them, showing no symptoms of acquaintance or affection, but rolled his eyes round in his head without speaking to any one. The princes of blood were in amazement, and knew not what to say nor how to act. The Dukes of Berry and Burgundy at length said, ‘We must return to Mans, for the expedition is at an end for this season.’ They did not then say all they thought ; but they made their intentions very apparent to those who were not in their good graces, on their return to Paris, as I shall relate in the course of this history. It must be owned that, when all things are considered, it was a great pity for a king of France, who is the most noble and powerful prince in the world, to be thus suddenly deprived of his senses. There could not be any remedy applied, nor any amendment expected, since God willed it should be so. Having undressed and cooled him as gently as they could, they laid him on a litter, and carried him slowly to Mans. The marshals instantly sent orders for the van to re-

turn, and the whole army was informed there was an end to the expedition. To some, the reasons were told why it was thus put an end to, to others not. The evening the king was brought back to Mans, his physicians were much occupied with him, and the princes of his blood in the utmost trouble. The event was spoken of very differently: some said that the king, to ruin the kingdom of France, had been poisoned, or bewitched, the morning before he left Mans. These words were so often repeated, that they came to the ears of the Duke of Orleans, and others of the royal blood.

“In conversation together, they said — ‘Do you hear, (for you must unless you shut your ears,) what murmurings there are against the king’s ministers? It is reported and commonly believed, that he has been poisoned or bewitched: now how can we know whether this has been done or not?’ Some made answer, — ‘From his physicians, for they must know his habit and constitution.’ The physicians were sent for, and most strictly examined by the Duke of Burgundy. To this examination they replied, ‘that the king had, for a long time, been suffering under this disorder; and, knowing that

this weakness of intellect oppressed him grievously, it would make its appearance.' The Duke of Burgundy told the physicians, 'that in the whole of the matter they had honestly acquitted themselves, but that the king, from his great anxiety to undertake this war, would not listen to any advice on the subject of his health. Cursed be this expedition, and unhappy is it that ever it was proposed, for it has been his destruction; and it would have been better that Clisson and his whole race had been murdered, than that the king had been afflicted with such a disorder. News of it will be carried everywhere and, as he is now but a young man, we who are his uncles, and of his blood, who should have advised him, shall be much blamed, though we have been no way in fault. Now tell us,' said the duke, addressing himself to the physicians, 'were you present yesterday morning at his dinner, before he mounted his horse?' 'Yes, in God's name we were,' said they. 'And what did he eat and drink?' 'So very little that it is scarcely worth mentioning; for he sat musing the whole time.' 'And who was the person that last served him with liquor?' asked the duke. 'That we know not,' said the physicians; 'for

as soon as the table was removed, we went away to make ourselves ready for riding, but you will learn it from his butlers or chamberlains.' Robert Tulles, a squire from Normandy, and head-butler, was called. On his coming, he was questioned who had served the king with wine. He replied, 'My lords, Sir Robert de Lignac.' The knight was then sent for, and asked where he had taken the wine to serve the king the morning before he mounted his horse. 'My ords,' said he, 'here is Robert Tulles who gave it me, and tasted it as well as myself, in the king's presence.' 'That is true,' added Robert Tulles; 'and in this respect there shall not be the smallest ground for suspicion; for there is now some of the very same in bottles to what the king drank, which we will open and drink before you.' The Duke of Berry then said — 'We are debating here about nothing: the king is only poisoned or bewitched by bad advisers, but it is not time at present to talk of these matters. Let us bear the misfortune as well as we can for the moment.'

"On the conclusion of the Duke of Berry's speech, the lords retired to their lodgings for the night; and the king's uncles ordered four

knights of honor to sit up with the king, to attend him quietly, and administer to his wants. They were Sir Reginald de Roze, Sir Reginald de Trie, the Lord de Garencieres, and Sir William Martel. The Lord de la Riviere, Sir John le Mercier, Montagu, the Baron de Villaines, Sir William de Bordes, and Sir Helion de Lignac, were ordered not to interfere in any manner of business until the king should be perfectly recovered. On receiving this order they departed, and others took charge of the government. On the morrow morning, the king's uncles visited him : they found him very weak, and asked how he had slept. His chamberlains replied, 'Very little : he cannot rest.' 'This is sad news,' said the Duke of Burgundy. All three then approached him ; and by this time the Duke of Orleans arrived, and asked him how he was. He made no answer, but stared at them without recollecting who they were. These lords were much shocked, and, conversing together, said, 'We need not stay longer, for he is extremely ill, and we do him more harm than good by our presence. We have ordered his chamberlains and physicians to take every care of him, which of course they

will do. Let us consider how the kingdom is to be governed, for a government must be speedily provided, or all things will go ill.' 'Good brother,' said the Duke of Burgundy to the Duke of Berry, 'it will be necessary for us to go to Paris, and order the king to be brought hence gently; for we can have him better attended to when nearer to us than here. We will assemble the whole council at Paris, and discuss how the kingdom shall be governed, and whether our fair nephew of Orleans be regent, or we,' 'It is well spoken,' replied the Duke of Berry: 'let us consider of the best place for the king to be removed to, for the recovery of his health. After some consultation, it was determined that he should be carried, with every precaution, to the Castle of Creil, which has a good air, and is in a rich country on the River Oise. When this was settled, the men-at-arms were disbanded, and orders given by the marshals for them to retire peaceably to their homes, without committing any ravages on the country; and that, if such excesses were indulged in, the leaders would be called upon to make reparation. The king's uncles and the chancellors of France, sent off varlets to the different cities and principal towns in

Picardy, to order the inhabitants to be very attentive in the guard of them, for the reason that the king was indisposed. These orders were obeyed. The French nation was dismayed and concerned when it was publicly known that the king labored under a frenzy. They spoke much against those who had advised him to this expedition to Brittany, and said that he had been betrayed by those who had urged him on against the duke and Sir Peter de Craon. People's tongues could not be stopped, for it was so serious a misfortune, it was necessary vent should be somehow given to the vexation it caused.

“The king was carried to Creil, and put under the care of the before-named knight and his physicians. The men-at-arms were disbanded and marched home. It was strictly forbidden the queen's household and all others, under pain of being severely punished, to mention his misfortune to the queen, who was far gone with child. It was concealed from her for some time, during which the king was under care of the knights at Creil, and his physicians, who were giving him various medicines, which, however, did him little good. At this time there was a most learned

physician in France, who had not his equal anywhere, a friend of the Lord de Coucy, and born on his lands. His name was Master William de Harsley ; he had fixed his residence in the city of Laon, which he preferred to any other. On first hearing of the king's illness and the cause of it, knowing, as he thought, the king's constitution, he said — 'This disorder of the king is from the alarm in the forest, and by inheriting too much of his mother's weakness.' These words were carried to the Lord de Coucy, at that time in Paris with the Duke of Orleans and the king's uncles. The whole of the council, and the principal barons and prelates of the realm, were there assembled, to consult on the government of the kingdom during the king's illness, and until he should be perfectly restored ; and whether the Duke of Orleans, or his uncles, or all three, should have the regency. They were upwards of fifteen days before they could agree : at last, it was thought advisable, from the youth of the Duke of Orleans, which made him unfit to bear so great a weight, that the two uncles of the king should govern the kingdom ; but that the Duke of Burgundy should be the principal ; and that the Duchess of Burgundy

should remain with the queen, and be respected as second to her in rank."

The king never completely recovered his reason, though he was at times after this, so far in possession of his right mind, as to be able to act rationally.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESULT OF THE KING'S MADNESS — DISPUTES ARISE — THE KING'S BROTHER, THE DUKE OF ORLEANS, CLAIMS THE RIGHT TO RULE — THE KING'S UNCLES ALSO CLAIM IT — COUNCIL CALLED — BURGUNDY AND DE BERRY ARE TO RULE — BURGUNDY'S DEATH — THE SECOND DUKE OF BURGUNDY CLAIMS HIS FATHER'S PLACE — ORLEANS SUPPORTED BY THE QUEEN-DOWAGER — WAR — BURGUNDY TRIUMPHS — ORLEANS IS ASSASSINATED — THE SECOND DUKE OF ORLEANS AND THE COUNT ARMAGNAC TAKE UP ARMS — WARS OF THE BURGUNDIANS AND ARMAGNACS — ENGLISH INFLUENCE AND AID SOUGHT BY BOTH PARTIES — HENRY V. RESOLVES UPON A WAR OF CONQUEST.

WE have given the reader a picture of the times immediately preceding the advent of Joan of Arc into the world, through the vivid pen of Froissart. We have had a double purpose in so doing — first, to let the reader look upon France and the French people as they existed in the fifteenth century, and thus enable him the better to appreciate the distinguished characters of that time; second, because the historical events described by Froissart have a direct connection with the subject of this volume.

The direct result of the illness of the French king was the birth of a series of disputes, which

caused an English monarch to rest proudly in the capital of France.

The brother of the king, the Duke of Orleans, naturally enough, demanded that the government of the kingdom should be placed in his hands during the king's illness, or incapacity for business. He made this claim because he was the nearest relation of the king. The Dukes of Burgundy and Berry were uncles to the king, and they objected to the demand of the Duke of Orleans. They claimed that he was too young and inexperienced in statesmanship. They claimed themselves the government of the nation, they having been the king's advisers. The Duke of Burgundy was powerful — much more so than the Duke of Orleans. He possessed the duchy of Burgundy, and through his wife all Flanders. The whole council was called together, and after a stormy debate, which lasted fifteen days, it was decided that the two uncles should govern the realm, and that the Duke of Burgundy should be the principal. It was stipulated that the Duchess of Burgundy should remain with the queen, to prevent the latter from joining the Duke of Orleans.

The Duke of Burgundy and his nephew, the

Duke of Orleans, conducted themselves peaceably towards each other. The latter, however, gave secret aid to De Clisson, who waged war against the Duke of Brittany. He was assisted by many of the most powerful houses in France. Burgundy played the same game with the opposing party, assisting privately the Duke of Brittany and Peter de Craon. Still ostensibly the uncle and nephew were friends. Craon repaired to Paris, but was disappointed in his expectations of quiet. The Queen-Dowager of Naples sued him for a large sum of money, which he had taken from her husband by fraud. He was thrown into prison, where he remained for a long time, and where he deserved to spend the remainder of his life. But he was at length set free, and he at once fled to England.

A change soon occurred in the peaceful course of affairs. In 1404 the Duke of Burgundy was taken suddenly ill at Brussels. He attempted to reach his home, but it was in vain. He was carried in a litter borne by horses as far as Halle, where he stopped. Feeling that his last hour had come, he called for his sons, and as his dying counsel, entreated them to be loyal and obe-

dient to the king. They promised to do as he wished — but soon forgot the promise.

The oldest son, by name John, now became Duke of Burgundy. He was well aware that it was unsafe for him to rely upon the support of the people, simply because they had acknowledged the right of his father to rule. He was also aware that the Duke of Orleans would make a bold and courageous attempt to regain his rights. He therefore determined to strengthen himself in every possible manner. He first concluded two marriages which his father had projected — one between the dauphin, the king's eldest son, and his own daughter Margaret; the other between his eldest son Philip, Count of Carolois, and Michelle, daughter of the king. He was sure that these marriages would preserve to him the position which his father had occupied. He was however mistaken. The Duke of Orleans was supported by the queen, and the Duke of Burgundy was not allowed to have anything to do with the administration of the kingdom. The Duke of Burgundy made an appeal to arms. He gathered an army together and marched to Paris, where he felt sure of being

welcomed by the people, they being attached to him. He was right in his surmises; the people of Paris received him with open arms. The truth was that the Duke of Orleans had the best right to the government of the nation, but Burgundy possessed greater wealth, greater power, and perhaps greater governing talent. The king became in reality his prisoner. The dauphin set out to join his mother and the Duke of Orleans, but was overtaken by the Duke of Burgundy, and forcibly brought back to Paris. The monarch and the heir-apparent were now under his control. He was the sole ruler of France. Orleans collected an army, and several skirmishes took place. The country became dissatisfied with such a state of things, which at any moment might eventuate in a horrible civil war, and great efforts were made to induce the two parties to settle their differences amicably.

The son of the Duke of Orleans married Isabella, daughter of the king. The occasion was celebrated with considerable magnificence, the nobility of the nation being present. The Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans at this marriage-festival, took a solemn oath to forget the past and to live in future as friends. A priest administered

the sacrament to them, and they gave to each other every possible pledge to strictly and honorably observe their oaths. But at this very time the Duke of Burgundy was planning the murder of Orleans. A more base action is not recorded upon the page of history. Towards the latter part of the year 1407, the Duke of Burgundy, through hirelings, caused Orleans to be waylaid and murdered in the streets of Paris. For a time, Burgundy concealed the horrible assassination, but finding concealment no longer possible, he boldly avowed and defended the deed. No one dared to arrest him ; he was too powerful. The Dukes of Berry and Bourbon, though fearing to cause his arrest, yet made their abhorrence so plainly known that he was obliged to retire from Paris to his own castle. The Duchess of Orleans, with her son, came to Paris, and begged of the king to grant her his protection, and to avenge the murder of her husband. The monarch was touched by her eloquence, and promised to grant her wishes, but he was powerless. The government of France was not in his hands, but in those of the Dukes of Berry and Bourbon, who were the friends of Burgundy. The duke collected a large army,

marched to Paris, and got the king and his son completely in his power. On the 8th of March, 1408, he got together a body of distinguished persons, consisting of Louis, Duke of Aquitaine, the dauphin ; the King of Sicily ; the Cardinal de Bar ; the Dukes of Berry, Brittany, and Lorraine ; and many earls, barons, and knights ; the Rector of the University, doctors of law and theology, and many citizens. John Petit, a theological doctor, made a long speech before this distinguished body, in which he accused the Duke of Orleans of many detestable crimes. Many of his accusations were entirely destitute of truth. He was charged with attempting to cause the death of the monarch by witchcraft. According to this learned doctor, the Duke of Orleans was a traitor ; therefore, it was right for Burgundy to secure his assassination, and the people had no cause to blame him for the act. Of course no one was convinced by such miserable pleading, but at the same time no one dared to oppose the powerful duke. The citizens of Paris actually shouted praises of the murderer in the streets. Children sung songs in his honor, and such was the state of feeling that the queen with her children, left the city. The king was

suffering with an attack of his old disease, and of course remained in the hands of Burgundy ; he was virtually his prisoner. The monarch became better, and the duke, seizing upon a favorable opportunity, asked him to grant him a full pardon for causing the death of Orleans. The request was granted, and the duke returned to his estates. As soon as he had fairly quitted the city, the queen and the Duchess of Orleans returned. A public answer was given to the base accusations of the Duke of Burgundy, against the character of Orleans. The king promised that justice should be done, but his promise was worth little or nothing, his intellect was so impaired. The duke, in the meantime, achieved a victory over the citizens of Leige ; many powerful societies were his partisans ; and with triumph he reëntered Paris. He made friends with the Duke of Berry, the two agreeing to share the government equally. The queen and the Duke of Bourbon escaped with the king to Tours.

Burgundy now ruled with a despotic hand. Everywhere he made his power felt, and everywhere he was detested by the friends of Orleans. He was guardian to the dauphin, and took possession of his person. He soon neglected the

Duke of Bourbon and the Duke of Berry. They were angered because of his haughty demeanor and went over to his enemies. A strong alliance, in consequence, was formed, including the young Duke of Orleans, the Count of Armagnac, the High-Constable of France, and other distinguished members of the nobility. Their object was to drive the Duke of Burgundy from power, and chastise him for the shameful murder of which he was guilty. The war which followed, is known as the war of the Burgundians and Armagnacs. The people of the nation were divided into two parties; those who sided with the young Duke of Orleans were called Armagnacs, from the Count of Armagnac; and those who took part with the Duke of Burgundy, were called Burgundians.

The Count of Armagnac was a man of great influence, and of great wealth, but in many respects was the inferior of his enemy. The war was waged on both sides with terrible fierceness and cruelty. Victory alternated between the parties. To-day the Burgundians were flushed with success, to-morrow the Armagnacs were victorious. Paris became an earthly hell, and its streets ran with blood. The butchers of that

city, in a body, took up arms for the Duke of Burgundy. The Armagnacs were at last partially crushed, and the pope excommunicated the whole party. Many of them suffered horrible persecutions, others were left to starve in prisons, and, when dead, their bodies were thrown into the ditches to be consumed by the dogs. It was almost a certain death for a man to zealously espouse the cause of Armagnac, for Burgundy ruled like a tyrant. Yet thousands were known to hate him, and thousands more were afraid to whisper a word against him, who, in their hearts, wished for his downfall.

And now the fatal step was taken which resulted so disastrously to France in the years which followed, and which indirectly caused the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. The Duke of Burgundy attempted to ally himself with England. As a matter of course, England had watched the civil war raging in France, with a careful eye. She saw now that these intestine struggles might very easily be turned to her own advantage. Henry IV., the King of England, was pleased with the message of Burgundy, asking for assistance, and sent over to him a small body of armed men. English soldiers were now upon

French soil — were in the French capital! The next year the Armagnacs made him flattering proposals, more so than those of the Duke of Burgundy, and he sent them a much larger armed force. His policy was to keep the civil war alive. He well knew that nothing would so surely and quickly destroy the vitality of the nation, and render its conquest a comparatively easy matter. So he helped one party, then the other — encouraged the Duke of Burgundy, and then the Count of Armagnac. When the Burgundians were successful, they bitterly persecuted the Armagnacs. They were executed in great numbers: thrown into jail, starved, and many of them assassinated. And when the Armagnacs were victorious, the Burgundians were imprisoned, executed, and treated with great cruelty.

In March, 1413, Henry V. came to the English throne. The state of England was far from being tranquil, and Henry IV., who had no right to the throne upon which he sat, though finding it impossible for him to engage in open war with France, yet saw the policy of busying the English people with French politics. When dying, he said to his son:

“Busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels!”

This shrewd advice has been acted upon by many a tyrant since that day. The English people remembered that they once had a strong foothold in France, and that they were finally driven from the greatest part of the territory, which by their victories they had won. Nothing would please the nation better than an attempt to recover their lost premises. It would gratify the national desire, and flatter its pride.

King Henry V. therefore resolved upon a war with the French people—a war of conquest. He went busily at work to prepare himself for such a war. He sent over an ambassador to the French court, with proposals for a peace upon the following conditions, which he knew never would be accepted: He demanded Katharine, the king's daughter, in marriage; two millions of crowns for her marriage portion; one million six hundred thousand crowns as the arrears of the ransom of King John, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, and which remained unpaid. To crown all, with an almost sublime impudence, he demanded that Normandy, Aquitaine, Anjou, Touraine, Ponthieu, Mans, Poitou, and every other part of France,

which had ever belonged to England, should at once be resigned again to the English nation ! The Armagnacs were in power when these ungenerous demands were made. They desired intensely to conclude an alliance with Henry, fearing that only through him could they retain their supremacy. But he asked too much. He struck at the honor and the life of the nation. He asked that their king should become a vassal. Such was the desire of the Count of Armagnac, to avoid offending the English monarch : such was his own dangerous, precarious position, that he offered to England the king's daughter, the county of Guienne, and a large territory in the south of France. While the French were deliberating, the English were gathering strength for war. Henry would not accept the proposals, and at once joined his army at Southampton. His preparations being completed, on the 24th of August, 1415, he landed at Harfleur, on the French coast, and at once laid siege to that town. The occupants were brave, but could not withstand the English soldiery, and gave a promise that if they received no aid before the 18th of September, they would surrender. The French monarch knew of their unfortunate position, but

was unable to send them any assistance, and they capitulated. An enormous sum of money was wrung from the inhabitants by the English king. He obliged the inhabitants, with the exception of the nobles and soldiers, to ransom themselves with exorbitant sums of money. Some of the money thus wickedly defrauded from the industrious inhabitants was distributed among the invading soldiery, but the greater part was sent back to England. Harfleur was strongly garrisoned, and the main body of the army, with the king, set out for Calais. The French, by this time, were up in arms, and a French army, double the English in numbers, opposed his march to Calais. He passed slowly on to the River Somme, expecting to ford it with the army, but it was impassable, and on the opposite side a large body of troops were stationed. Harassed on every side by the fresh French soldiery, he passed on to Betencourt, crossed the river, marched directly to Calais, found the French army drawn up to intercept him at Agincourt, and, ascending the heights opposite, prepared for battle the following day

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF AGINCOURT — COURAGE OF THE ENGLISH — FRENCH LINES
BROKEN — A PANIC — A RALLY — UTTER DEFEAT — ENGLISH MAS-
TERS OF THE FIELD — DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE French army consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand men. They were fresh, unwearied, and eager for battle. They were upon their native soil, and animated by that enthusiasm which arises from patriotic sentiments. The English were not so strong by one half as they were when they landed at Harfleur; they were worn and weary, and knew that in numbers, at least, the French had an alarming advantage over them. It could not, then, have been with feelings of joy that they looked down from the heights of Blangi upon the plains of Agincourt upon that mighty array of French soldiery. The result of a battle must have seemed doubtful to even the most sanguine. But their spirits were not depressed; there was no escape from an engagement, and they prepared for it. Cold and hungry, they lay down

on their arms, many of the soldiers confessing their sins, amid much weeping, and partaking of the holy sacrament. It was a chilly October night, and few eyes were closed in sleep for thinking of the momentous morrow. Friday, the 25th of October, 1415, dawned at last, and the English beheld the great French army drawn up on the plains in three battalions. It was an imposing sight, and when the English saw that their enemies were six times as powerful in numbers as themselves, they must have been somewhat faint-hearted. It is very certain that the French considered the result of the battle fixed. They entertained not a doubt of the overwhelming defeat of the English. They seated themselves by companies close to their banners, partook of food, and waited the approach of the enemy.

The English, perceiving that the French had no intention of commencing the battle, sat down to meat and drink. Prayers were said, after which they left their encampment. Some light troops were dispatched to the town of Agincourt, where a few buildings were set on fire to alarm the French. The English monarch sent two hundred well-trained archers to the rear of the

army, from which place they proceeded very secretly to the little village of Tramecourt, posting themselves in the outskirts, not far from the van of the French army, and awaiting the moment when they could use their bows with most effect. The king remained with the main body of the army, which was drawn up in array for battle by Sir Thomas Erpingham. The archers were placed in the van—the men-at-arms immediately behind them. Two wings were then formed of men-at-arms, and archers and horses were placed with the baggage in the rear.

Sir Thomas Erpingham, by authority of the king, exhorted the soldiers earnestly to defend their lives. He rode in front of the lines, attended by two aids, and when this was done, he flung a truncheon into the air, and cried aloud, "*Nestrocque!*" This was the signal for the archers concealed at Tramecourt to shoot. He then dismounted. The whole English army shouted when they saw this, which astonished the French exceedingly. The concealed archers reëchoed the shouts, and at the same moment let fly their arrows upon the French. The main body of the English army advanced instantly. The archers, amounting to thirteen thousand

men, also shot a dense shower of arrows high into the air, but so as to take effect upon the French. They saw the English advance, and drew up every man under his banner, with his helmet on his head. The constable charged every man to confess his sins, and to fight hard against the foreign foe. The English trumpets now sounded, and the French, by stooping to the ground, prevented the arrows from striking the vizors of their helmets. But with this precaution many of the French were slain before the general attack was commenced. The English were now directly upon them, indeed so close to them that they could not fight to advantage. Brabant, who was intending to force himself through the English archers, lost more than five-sixths of the men under him, and still attempting the feat, was driven back entirely discomfited. Lareuses led on a small force in like manner, against the English, but was shot dead off his horse. Fear and confusion began to seize upon the minds of the French soldiers. The lines in many places were broken; the ground was of clay, and was exceedingly bad footing for the horses. They became unmanageable, and sank in the mire with their riders.

A panic arose everywhere, and large bodies of soldiery fled. The English, cool and well-disciplined, knew perfectly well how to take advantage of this. Their bows were thrown aside, and they used their hatchets and swords with terrible effect. The first battalion was either killed or frightened away, and they now came up to the second, which was in the rear of the first. Duke Anthony, by command of the French king, threw himself with a small body of men in between the English and the second French battalion. They were, however, instantly swept away by the more enthusiastic and merciless English. The second battalion was, like the first, scattered to the four winds of heaven. Some — very many — were killed, some fled, while many were made prisoners. The rear division saw the ruin of the two in front of them, and now began to fly. While the battle raged hotly, news came to the English king that the French were attacking his rear, and had already carried off many of his horses and much of his baggage. This was true: and it was also true that the French were gathering again on the plains; and Henry, the English king, gave orders that every one should put his

prisoner to death. A terrible massacre ensued this heartless command. The direct cause of it was the disgraceful attack upon the king's baggage by the French Bournonville, assisted by six hundred peasants. He seized many valuable articles—among them a sword ornamented with diamonds, belonging to the king. This was given to the Duke of Burgundy to appease his anger, but it had not that effect, for he imprisoned Bournonville. As soon as the English were convinced that the French had no intention of continuing the battle, the inhuman sacrifice of prisoners ceased. The English were masters of the field. They had lost but sixteen hundred men, though among them was the Duke of York, uncle to the king.

In the morning, the French were certain of victory. They were in numbers six times as strong as their enemies; they were well positioned; they were brave, and were led on by renowned captains. They were fighting, too, for their native land—defending it from a hateful foe. The English, on the other hand, were small in numbers, though strong in will; they were on foreign shores, were weary, and were forced, as it were, to battle. But when night

came they were the conquerors. They had beaten the French in a fair, drawn-up battle, upon their own soil. They had achieved a foothold in France! And this was the result of the civil wars which had waged between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians. France was trodden under foot by Englishmen!

As soon as the English king saw that the battle was finished, and that he was master of the field, while his men were stripping the dead, he summoned the French herald, Montjoye, and said to the French:

"It is not we who have made this great slaughter, but the omnipotent God, and, as we believe, for a punishment of the sins of the French." He asked Montjoye: "To whom does the victory belong?" The herald replied that it belonged to the English king. The monarch then asked the name of the castle he saw near him. The reply was, Agincourt. "Well, then," said the king, "since all battles should have the names of the fortress nearest to the spot where they were fought, this battle shall, from henceforth, bear the ever-durable name of Agincourt."

The night was drawing on, and the English

army retreated to Maisoncelles, where they had encamped the night previous, and made their encampment there, taking with them their wounded. When they were gone, the poor wounded Frenchmen remaining alive upon the battle-field, crawled away to an adjoining forest, and to neighboring villages, where a few were cared for so that they recovered, but the majority expired in a short time.

Early the next morning, the English returned to the field of Agincourt, and all the French who were found upon it, were either put to death or made prisoners. They then marched towards Calais in high spirits, though the condition of two-thirds of the army was most pitiable. They were suffering from hunger and fatigue, were illy clad, and were obliged to march on foot. But they returned safely to Calais, and with great rejoicing. The French were in the utmost consternation at their enormous loss, and in view of the dreary prospect for the future.

CHAPTER V

THE ENGLISH KING SHOWS A LACK OF WISDOM — DUKE OF ORLEANS TAKEN PRISONER AND CARRIED TO ENGLAND — CHARLES, THE DAUPHIN — ENGLISH AGAIN INVADE FRANCE — SIEGE OF ROUEN — BURGUNDY AND THE DAUPHIN — TREATY OF TOURS — KING HENRY AND KATHARINE MARRIED — HIS DEATH — HENRY VI. — VICTORIES OF THE ENGLISH.

THE English king did not use his victory to much advantage. Instead of following up Agincourt with still more decisive battles, or with bold demands, which the French, in their amazement and fright, would not have dared to refuse, he loitered at Calais and coquetted with the Duke of Burgundy. Two years passed away in this manner, and at the end of that period Burgundy was somewhat affected by the offers and bribes of the English monarch.

During the memorable battle of Agincourt, the Duke of Orleans, son of the murdered duke, was taken prisoner and removed to England, where he acquired the English language. The absence of the duke, however, did not materially affect the state of parties in France. The Ar

magnacs still bitterly opposed the Duke of Burgundy, in his attempts to seize upon the reins of government. Two years passed away amid conflicts between the two factions, one of them all the time in correspondence with an English foe, and listening to dishonorable proposals from that foe. During this period great changes occurred. Louis, the dauphin, expired; his next brother, the Duke of Touraine, then became heir to the throne. He, too, perished, and Charles the Fourth, son of the king, now but sixteen years old, became the heir to the crown, and assumed the title of Dauphin. It was his fortune to ascend the throne of France still later, and to preserve it by the help of the immortal Joan of Arc.

In the summer of 1417, the English king invaded Normandy, at the head of twenty-five thousand soldiers. He subdued many important places, among them Cherbourg and Caen. During that and the succeeding year he was attended by success, and pushed his fortunes steadily and courageously. The French queen receiving an affront from the Armagnac party, joined the Duke of Burgundy to gratify her revenge. A knight by the name of Bois-Bourdon, a great favorite with her majesty, having

offended the king, was, by the advice of Count Armagnac, siezed and executed. The queen was possessed of violent passions, and had, before this, shown herself the enemy of good government, and, indeed, of the state. Her treasures were siezed for the public service, and she was banished to the city of Tours. There measures were high-handed, but they were, unquestionably, deserved, and necessary for the preservation of the kingdom. But the queen's dreadful ire was roused. She cared naught for king or country, so that her revenge might be satiated. Armagnac must be overthrown. She at once gave all her influence in support of the Duke of Burgundy, and his cause, which was drooping, began to revive. The queen went so far as to seek the death of her own son, the dauphin, and heir-apparent to the crown, because he was allied with the Count of Armagnac. Burgundy, in conjunction with this unnatural queen, at the head of a great army, took possession of Amiens, Abbeville, Montreuil, Rheims, Chalons, Troyes, Beaunoit, and many other important towns.

In 1418, through the help of one of his officers, by name L'Isle-Adam, the Duke of Burgundy

took possession of the city of Paris. The enormities which he committed are too horrible to relate.

The dauphin was fortunate enough to escape. The prisons were broken open, and the Armagnacs, who had been imprisoned when the city was taken, were, to the number of sixteen hundred, dragged forth and murdered in cold blood. The Count d'Armagnac, the chancellor, and four bishops, were among those who were massacred. Armagnac's body was lashed to that of the chancellor, and dragged through the streets and gutters of Paris for three days, by a parcel of low ruffians. On the fourth day the bodies were carried out of the city on a hurdle, and buried in a ditch called Louviere. The better portion of the people of Paris became disgusted with these atrocities, and endeavored to reason with the mob, but it was all in vain. The life of a single Armagnac was not safe in Paris.

The dauphin fled from the city to Anjou, where, for a long time, he brooded over his misfortunes, and apparently gave up all hopes of power. In a short time his melancholy wore off, and he gave himself up to a life of enjoyment and indolence.

In June, 1415, Henry of England, with a powerful army, laid siege to Rouen. For many months the town made a good defence, but by October it was suffering all the horrors of a terrible famine. The people and garrison lived upon horses, cats, dogs, rats and mice. Twelve thousand of the inhabitants were turned outside of the gates to subsist as they could. Fifty thousand in all died of hunger. When meat was carried through the streets, it was guarded by a strong force, and often the perishing inhabitants fought desperately with the guard, to gain possession of it. Strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that the town held out until the middle of January. By that time the sufferings of the people were so horrible that they could no longer be endured.

Rouen surrendered to the English. A most important city was now in the hands of the enemy, and nearly the whole of Normandy submitted to English rule. A treaty of peace was soon begun between King Henry and the king of France. The Duke of Burgundy was the real head of the nation — the king having no will of his own. The dauphin made overtures to the duke which were acceptable, and he at once

broke off the treaty which was progressing with King Henry. The English were exceedingly angry at this conduct, and reöpened the war with great spirit. Pontoise was taken, after a sixteen month's siege. It surrendered then for want of water, the well-ropes being entirely worn out.

The Duke of Burgundy and the dauphin appointed a day for personal conference, to arrange state matters. It was agreed that the armies of each should remain on opposite sides of the river, and that the duke and dauphin should hold their conference alone. They met, and immediately a party in the interest of the dauphin fell upon Burgundy and murdered him, before his personal attendants could draw their swords. This base assassination casts a stigma upon the character of the dauphin which it is difficult to remove. True, it is claimed by his eulogists, that he had no knowledge of the shameful plot by which the duke was so treacherously murdered, but there is no proof that such was the case, and it is on record, that after the deed was done he did not disapprove of it. Not only did he not disapprove of it—he went so far as to invent a false tale, to the effect

that the duke had rested his hand upon his sword in a threatening manner while addressing him, and that in the alarm it occasioned the duke was killed.

Phillip, the present Duke of Burgundy, son to the Burgundy so inhumanly butchered, vowed to avenge the death of his father by depriving the dauphin of his kingdom. The queen still hated her son, and at once joined Duke Phillip. Treason was plotted instantly by this singular couple. Negotiations were opened with the English king. The result was the treaty of Troyes. It was agreed that King Henry should marry the Princess Katharine; that King Charles should, while he lived, be entitled to the name and dignity of King of France; that King Henry should be heir-apparent to the French throne, and with him the government of the kingdom should be entrusted. France and England were to be united—all the nobility of France were to swear that they would adhere to the future succession of Henry, and obey him as regent until the death of Charles, the king. It was also agreed, as the price of this treason, that the dauphin and his adherents should be hunted down by the united armies of Henry and Bur-

gundy. Thus did the Duke of Burgundy bargain away France to gratify personal revenge—thus did he practice treason against his country, to secure the overthrow of the dauphin. And thus did a queen of France sell the life of her own son, and that son the legitimate heir to the throne!

The marriage between King Henry and the Princess Katharine was consummated at Troyes, in the month of May, and immediately thereafter the two monarchs repaired to Paris, which was possessed by the English for many years after this. His utmost energies were next directed against the dauphin and his friends. Sens, Montereau, and other important places, till now strongly prejudiced in favor of the dauphin, submitted to the English king, whose power was very great.

He now left his uncle, the Duke of Exeter, to govern Paris, and returned with his young wife to England. While there, he made large collections of money and soldiers, and again returned to battle the dauphin. Victory attended him everywhere—the dauphin fled at his approach. Town after town was taken, the northern provinces were entirely deserted by

the dauphin's partisans, and it seemed for a time as if his forces would be entirely cut off.

A son was born to King Henry, and the queen, in May, 1422, set out for Harfleur, and from thence to Paris. Grand pageants were held in honor of the occasion, and Paris was crowded with happy men. But the King of France, at his quiet hotel, received no homage, while a foreign sovereign engrossed the attention of the capital and nation. There were some true patriots there, who, when they noticed this, were very sad.

In August, while in the midst of his rejoicing, and flushed with his successes, King Henry was attacked by a violent and painful disease, and expired in the thirty-fourth year of his age. Pomp and circumstance attended the funeral ceremonies, as a matter of course, but they could not mitigate the effect of the awful stroke. In less than two months, poor, imbecile, crushed King Charles, of France, fell into the arms of death. Henry VI., who had succeeded to the English throne, was at once proclaimed King of France and England, while at the same time Charles, the dauphin, was crowned at Poitiers, where he was staying, King of France, and was

acknowledged as the lawful monarch of France by all of his former adherents. Thus there were two claimants to the French throne.

The great French heart began to beat more truly, and in many of the towns heretofore devoted to Burgundy, a strong feeling was manifested in favor of the dauphin. The young English king left the Duke of Bedford to govern in his name, and to defend the English cause in France. He was a skillful and brave soldier and, though the dauphin fought courageously, yet he was driven from town to town by the English. He was at one time reduced so low as to be scarcely able to provide for his own personal wants. Money he had none, his court was dissolved, and his table was often without the necessaries of life. But he still maintained possession of the city of Orleans. The Duke of Bedford was exceedingly anxious to possess it, for it lay between his army and the provinces devoted to the dauphin. He resolved to take it, while Charles was as firmly resolved to retain it. If he were to lose it, there was nothing but utter defeat before him. Lord Gaucourt was appointed to command the garrison of the city. He was a brave and able commander, and the sol-

diery under him were experienced and brave. Everything that could be done was done to render the city impregnable by Gaucourt. In October, the Earl of Salisbury appeared before the walls of Orleans with an army of ten thousand men. The battle began. On the third day the Earl of Salisbury was shot from the walls, but the Earl of Suffolk arrived shortly after with fresh forces, and took the place of Salisbury. Instead of attempting to take the city by hard fighting, Suffolk endeavored to starve the people into subjection. His army was drawn up on all sides of the town, so as to command it. But parties from both armies scoured the surrounding country for bread until both began to suffer from famine. The seige had lasted five months, and it was February, when a party of English were met by a large party of Frenchmen, both having been out foraging. The French troops were commanded by the Count Dunois, son of the Duke of Orleans, so cruelly murdered by the Duke of Burgundy. He hoped, by a bold stroke, to force the English to give up the siege. The English posted themselves behind their wagons, and awaited the attack. The French discharged their canon against them, and rushed

with great impetuosity against them. They became disordered by their too rapid advance, and the enemy seeing it, at once took advantage of it and achieved the victory. The Count of Du nois was badly wounded, and five hundred French soldiers were killed. The people of Orleans, before this battle, were not in possession of high spirits. They were suffering extremely from famine; they had heretofore constantly seen success making its home with the enemy, and could have but faint hopes that France would overthrow the authority of the young but powerful English monarch. The dauphin's cause was at low ebb, however sanguinely it might be considered. He had been driven from province to province, and here his army was, at last, in Orleans, and at the point of starvation. A detachment of four thousand men, the flower of the army, go out to gather supplies for the famishing multitude, and meet an English enemy on a similar errand, but consisting of only twenty-five hundred men. They meet. News of their conflict comes on the wind to Orleans, and its inhabitants rejoice. They are certain of victory. It cannot be that two thousand English soldiers will withstand the attack of double that

number of Frenchmen under a brave leader. And with defeat, perhaps the English will become discouraged, will desert France, and Charles, the dauphin, will ascend the glorious throne of his fathers !

It is not strange if such thoughts filled the minds of the inhabitants of the city of Orleans. But how shall we picture their poignant grief, their bitter sorrow, and utter despair, when the news came that five hundred of their bravest men lay dead on the field of battle ; that Dunois was wounded, and that the English again were rejoicing over a triumph ? A gloom overspread the town — the people gave up hope, and awaited the final result with a calm despair.

The dauphin had shut himself up in his Castle of Chinon, and there watched the siege of Orleans. He was surrounded by fair women and gay men. In the midst of so great dangers he indulged in the wildest pleasures. He was a brave and noble monarch, yet, at the same time, he was deficient in many kingly qualities. He loved pleasure too well, was too easily seduced by the beauty of handsome women, by the gay conversation of witty men. He too easily forgot the critical condition of his crown — the

dangers which surrounded his native land. When the news of the sad defeat of Dunois before the walls of Orleans, came to the Castle of Chinon, King Charles and his courtiers were enjoying themselves with music and dancing, and other voluptuous pleasures. They were at first stunned by the terrible news. The dauphin became sad and gloomy, his attendants and supporters gave over all hope, and expected daily to hear of the downfall of Orleans. A show of cheerfulness was preserved at the castle, but the hearts of all there were full of sorrow. If Orleans fell—and it certainly must fall—the dauphin would be obliged to fly into Languedoc. If pursued into Languedoc, where could he go? He must soon become an exile, or surrender himself to the enemy.

It was February of the year 1429—a year long to be remembered by Frenchmen. The dauphin sat one day gloomily reflecting upon his hopeless condition, when an extraordinary visitor was announced. A simple peasant girl wished an audience of the king—a messenger from Heaven knelt at the threshold of his door! It was JOAN OF ARC. But we must go back.

CHAPTER VI.

JOAN OF ARC — EXTRACT FROM DE QUINCEY — JOAN'S BIRTH-PLACE — HER YOUTH — PIETY — MODESTY — THE BEECH TREE — HER DREAMS — THE ILL-FORTUNE OF THE DAUPHIN FIRES HER HEART — STRANGE SIGHTS — THE SPIRITS HAVE INTERCOURSE WITH HER — SHE MAKES A CONFIDANT OF HER UNCLE — THEY SET OUT TO SEE THE GOVERNOR OF VANCOULEURS — REPULSED — LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY TO THE DAUPHIN — INTERVIEW WITH THE DAUPHIN.

“WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that — like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl

Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promise involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a bye-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup a rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs, which celebrated in rap-ture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? O, no! Hon-ors, if they come when all is over, are for those

that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country — thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy position in this life; to *do* — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer* — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own — that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave, is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might

not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without and on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints ; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

“ Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it : but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, were for *her* ; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them* ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century the wrath of God and man combined to wither them ; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.”*

* De Quincey.

Joan of Arc was born in the year 1410. Hume, the historian, makes a strange blunder in saying that she was born in 1400. She herself declared that she was born in 1410. The town of her nativity was the little village of Domrémy, in the valley of the Meuse, amidst the marshes of Lorraine and Champagne, and between the towns of Neufchateau and Vancouleur. Her parents were Jacques and Isabeau d'Arc—her mother's maiden name was Isabeau Romée. Her father was a poor shepherd, with three children living, beside Joan. A sister died in childhood—three brothers lived to manhood.

“Domrémy stood on the frontiers; and like other frontiers, produced a *mixed* race, representing the *cis* and the *trans*. A river, it is true, formed the boundary line at this point—the river Meuse; and *that*, in old days, might have divided the populations; but in those days it did not—there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so much for travelers, that were few, as for armies, that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great high-road between France

and Germany, *decussated* at this very point; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's cross, or letter X. These roads, so grandly situated, as great trunk arteries between two mighty realms, and haunted forever by wars or rumors of wars, decanated — for anything I know, to the contrary — absolutely under Joanna's bed-room window; one rolling away to the right, past Monsieur d'Arc's old barn, and the other unaccountably preferring to sweep round that man's odious pig-sty to the left.

. . . “On whatever side of the border chance had thrown Joanna, the same love to France would have been nurtured. For it is a strange fact, noticed by M. Michelet and others, that the Dukes of Bar and Lorraine had for generations pursued the policy of eternal warfare with France, on their own account, yet also of eternal amity and league with France in case anybody else presumed to attack her. Let peace settle upon France, and before long you might rely upon seeing the little vixen Lorraine flying at the threat of France. Let France be assailed by a formidable enemy, and instantly you saw a duke of Lorraine or Bar insisting on

having his throat cut in support of France ; which favor accordingly was cheerfully granted to them in three great successive battles by the English and by the Turkish Sultan, viz, at Crecy, at Nicopolis, and at Agincourt.

“This sympathy with France during great eclipses, in those that, during ordinary seasons, were always teasing her with brawls and guerilla inroads, strengthened the natural piety to France of those that were confessedly the children of her own house. The outposts of France, as one may call the great frontier provinces, were, of all localities, the most devoted to the Fleurs de Lys. To witness, at any great crisis, the generous devotion to these lilies of the little fiery cousin, that, in gentle weather, was forever tilting at her breast, could not but fan the zeal of the legitimate daughter : whilst to occupy a post of honor on the frontiers against an old hereditary enemy of France, would naturally have stimulated this zeal by a sentiment of martial pride, had there ever been no other stimulant to zeal by a sense of danger always threatening, and of hatred always smouldering. That great four-headed road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardor. To say, this way lies the road

to Paris — and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle; this to Prague, that to Vienna — nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of lance or helmet from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the high-road itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic enmity.

“The situation, therefore, *locally* of Joanna, was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But if the place were grand, the times, the burthen of the times, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was *hurting* with the obscure sound, was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years.”*

Joan was brought up by her humble parents without much education — indeed she could neither read nor write, but in that age it was by no means a remarkable fact. A highly-educated woman was a rare sight. She was industrious, could sew and spin, and was peculiarly apt

* De Quincey.

in repeating her Pater Noster and Ave Maria. She exhibited no signs of an iron constitution — no signs of that heroic spirit which was afterward developed, and which has handed her name down to us as one of the brightest the world ever saw. Indeed, she was excessively bashful, so much so that whenever a stranger addressed her she was put out of countenance. This was the result of a very delicate nervous organization. She tended her father's flocks upon her beautiful, native hills. It was an occupation well calculated to foster piety and a meditative disposition. She was, unlike many of her fellow-religionists, not confined in her pious acts to the prescribed rules of the church, though she was an enthusiastic Catholic. But she went beyond these, and became distinguished in Domrémy for her active benevolence, for her gentleness and kindness to the sick and suffering. So ardently pious a girl could not be found in all that region, and she became an object of ridicule. She shared little in common with her young companions. Often she was seen to kneel in the fields, by herself alone, and pray devoutly. Or she would go to the church, and upon her bended knees pray enthusiastically to

the Virgin. The sacristan declared afterwards that whenever he forgot to ring the bells of the church for evening service, Joan always rebuked him, and promised him a reward if he would carefully attend to his duty. There was a pretty village chapel some distance from Domrémy, and every Sunday Joan made a pilgrimage to this place, it being dedicated to the Virgin. In the contiguous forest of Bois Chemin, there was an old and renowned beech tree, with great and beautiful arms, with a rich foliage which protected the weary visitor, who sat at its foot, from the rays of the sun. A clear little stream dashed along past the spot, and to its waters astonishing healing powers were ascribed. The tree everywhere bore the name of "*L'Arbre des Dames*," and Joan was exceedingly fond of frequenting this cheering spot. It was a popular rumor in Domrémy that this tree was frequented by the fairies—her own god-mother told her that she had heard them discourse with her own ears beneath the tree. So testified many of the old people of the village, and in the eyes of the devout the tree became a wonderful, a hallowed object. Once every year, the priest of Domrémy, with the villagers, marched to the

tree and around it, singing solemn psalms and saying solemn prayers. The young people also hung its boughs with choice garlands, and danced in its cool shade to pleasant music. Joan's temperament was quite fitted to appreciate such a spot. So pious, so ready to believe anything marvellous, so imaginative—the spot became to her the haunt of spirits. To her spiritual eyes the place was peopled with fairies. She saw them upon the banks of the beautiful rivulet, she heard their delicious music in the shadows of the solemn tree. *Her* ear, so finely made, could hear the fairy-music, when grosser ears heard nought but the rustling of the leaves. The fairy tree was to her the threshold of the invisible world. In the misty summer evenings she could see the fairies come and dance there, as others had done before her.

From the same withered lips which filled her young brain with legends of the fairy tree, Joan also heard true tales of the history of France. She heard the stories of the many wars with England, and the civil wars which had ruined France. When she was ten years old, England, by the shameful treaty of Troyes, became in reality the ruler of the destinies of France. When

she was twelve, Charles VI. expired, and the English prince was proclaimed at Paris King of France. At the same time the poor dauphin asserted, but feebly, his right to his father's throne. We need scarcely say, that Joan became his enthusiastic friend. In her lonely retreat, among her native forests, with the spirits beneath the fairy tree, she dwelt sadly upon the condition of her dear mother, France. She recalled all the tales of the fierce wars which she had heard from aged lips, and her young heart swelled with the purest patriotism. She would willingly, young as she was, have died to ensure the defeat of the English king. Whenever traveler came into Domrémy, she sought him out, often gave up her own little chamber for his accommodation, and gained from him all he knew respecting the state of the war. A little later and news came to her ears of the defeat of Crevant; still later the defeat at Verneuil; and later still the overthrow of La Hire at Champagne. The successes of the English only set Joan's head on fire. She was never discouraged — never seemed to doubt for a moment that the English would in the end be defeated. But it made her young heart ache to see the fortunes

of the dauphin at so low an ebb. Domrémy was far away from the seat of the war, but the inhabitants were deeply interested in it; but no one watched so eagerly for the most trifling news as the poor peasant girl. Indeed, the dauphin himself could not have been more interested than she was, and we much doubt if he watched the state of his fortunes as carefully as they were watched by Joan of Arc. The people of Domrémy, with but one exception, were the partisans of the dauphin, and so zealous was Joan in her loyalty to Charles that she wished his single enemy in Domrémy dead. The young men of the village were Armagnacs, and were in the habit of sallying out in a body to fight the juvenile population of the adjoining town of Maxey—a Burgundian village—and the Maid was in the habit of seeing her brothers return from their boyish conflicts, bruised and bloody. A party of Burgundian cavalry at one time attacked Domrémy, and put the inhabitants to flight. Joan and her parents found shelter in Neufchateau, a place under the protection of the Duke of Lorraine. In this place they remained for fifteen days, at an inn, where Joan acted as

a servant — the only period during her life when she acted in that capacity.

Joan, though possessed of great capabilities for enthusiasm, imagination, and zeal — though she had an exceedingly delicate nervous organization — was nevertheless in her physical constitution, with one or two imperfections, both hardy and robust. She could ride a horse like a trooper. Though excessively modest, yet she took pleasure in athletic exercises generally confined to the other sex.

The condition of France, we have said, weighed down the spirit of the peasant-girl. She thought all the day long of the poor dauphin and his sad prospects — of the political condition of France. At night she dreamed about them. Politics and religion were mingled in these dreams. she longed and prayed and “wrestled” for the deliverance of her native land, until at last she began to be filled with the idea that France would be saved — that the dauphin would triumph through the miraculous interposition of God. She was conscious of a pure and disinterested heart; — she knew that in it there lurked not one drop of selfish blood. Was it strange

then that in her wild enthusiasm she imagined that she was to be the instrument of God to save France? If a miracle was to be wrought, who could be found to conduct it of holier character than Joan of Arc?

She was only thirteen years of age when she began to see apparitions. That she was honest that she sincerely thought she saw strange sights and signs from the other world, no manly heart can doubt. Her first visitation by the good spirits was at bright noonday, she says. She was standing alone in her father's garden, when suddenly she saw a most brilliant and beautiful light shining into her face, and while almost overcome by the wonderful sight, she heard a strange but sweet voice, bidding her to be a good girl, and God would surely bless her! This dream of her imagination shows how pure and pious a heart she possessed. The next apparition came when she was away in the fields, alone, watching her father's flocks. Wonderful and majestic forms floated in the sky past her, and mysterious language was addressed to her. It was promised that France should be delivered, and through her aid. These sights and apparitions became more and more frequent, and more

definite in their import. The spirits that came were generally those of St. Catharine and St. Margaret — the guardian saints of the Domrémy church. Michael the Archangel at one time came to the lovely Maid. On her trial several years after she said:

“I saw him with these eyes as plainly as I see you now.”

When closely questioned again, she replied:

“Yes, I do believe firmly, as firmly as I do believe in the Christian faith, and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell, that these voices came from Him, and by his command.”

Poor peasant-girl! no one can doubt thy sincerity of heart. And it was this sublime confidence in her God — this willingness to believe in impossibilities, if her Maker told her to believe in them — which renders her so truly heroic in our eyes. She consecrated herself in her virginity to God and France, in gratitude for such remarkable intercourse with heavenly spirits. She declared afterwards, that when she saw the first vision she was exceedingly frightened, but never after that. She says:

“When the saints were disappearing, I used to weep and beseech I might be borne away

with them, and after they had disappeared I used to kiss the earth on which they rested."

She grew beautiful in her person every day. She was of comely figure and face, and her constant visitations from heaven, the strange and sweet dream which always haunted her brain, imparted a spiritual beauty to her countenance.

A young villager of Domrémy fell in love with the Maid, and his suit was very acceptable to her parents, so much so that they united with him in urging her to receive him as her future husband. She steadily refused, and the young and ardent lover determined that if he could not win her by fair means, to try foul. So he declared that she was bound to him by a promise of marriage, and made her appear before the *official* at Toul, to compel her to fulfill her engagement. But the Maid took a solemn oath that she had never made such a promise, and the young man was sent back to Domrémy without his coveted prize.

Her parents were very much displeased with the course which she pursued, and ruled her with much severity. She was afraid of them, and did not dare to reveal the great secret which burned in her heart. She let fall strange hints

to others, which came to their ears, of her holy mission, which alarmed them. To the man who was the only enemy of the dauphin in Domrémy, and whose death she desired, she said one day :

“Gossip, if you were not a Burgundian, I could tell you something.”

To another she said :

“There is now between Colombey and Vaucouleurs a maid, who will cause the king to be crowned !”

Her parents heard of these things and were alarmed. They feared that her ardent imagination might be practiced upon by some wandering band of soldiers, and she be enticed away from her home to the wars. Her fate in such a case, as in all such cases, they supposed would be her ruin. She would become a camp-follower. Thinking of such a fate, her father said to his son : “Did I think such a thing would be, I would sooner that you drowned her ; and if you did not, I would, with my own hands !”

It was about this time that the Duke of Bedford put a large army under the leadership of the Earl of Salisbury, to defeat, and indeed utterly overthrow Charles, the dauphin. Success crowned his efforts in every direction. Town

after town capitulated to him, until at last his great army stood before the gates of Orleans. The unvarying news of defeat only served to fan the flame of patriotism in Joan's heart. Orleans was besieged! She heard with a frame trembling with excitement. In Orleans the last great struggle was to be fought, and if defeated, the dauphin must fly to the mountains, and perhaps fly his native land. The English were determined to reduce the inhabitants of Orleans by starvation. Petty fights occurred outside the walls daily between small detachments of French and English soldiery, but it was not the plan of the Britons to attack the city, but to strengthen their position every day, until victory eventually was sure to become theirs. And every day saw their position strengthened. Their numbers increased; they were posted admirably; Orleans was besieged by a large and well-disciplined army, in possession of tower and redoubts outside the walls which commanded the town on every side. It became every day more certain that there was no hope for the French, unless through some extraordinary and unlooked-for occurrence.

The Maid knew very well to how sad a point

the fortunes of her king were reduced, and a strong and holy desire filled her heart to save him and to save France. The dauphin had never been anointed with the holy oil at Rheims, and in the eyes of the populace he was not king until this ceremony was performed. To raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the dauphin at Rheims, were the two master desires of her heart. She saw visions, in which spirits came to her and pointed her out as the savior of France. She, a poor, slight peasant-girl, held intercourse with angels—so she herself thought—and the angels told her what to do; and never for a moment questioning their reality, or their authority, she set about the great, the sublime idea! Was ever a grander faith than this? What could a mere country-girl hope to perform against legions of trained soldiers? How could she hope to inspire even her friends with hope—how inspire her enemies with fear? Her first step was to visit her uncle, Durand Laxart, who resided in a little village called Petit Burey, between Domrémy and Vaucouleurs. She told him unreservedly about her visions, her belief that she was commissioned of God to save the dauphin, and her intention to obey the spirits who were her

companions. He was astonished, and yet so simple yet earnest was Joan's faith, that he became a sincere convert at once to the truth of her mission. Robert de Baudricourt was Governor of Vaucouleurs, and was an ardent friend of the dauphin. To him Joan's uncle offered to go, with the tale she had just told him. Full of honest faith, the villager set out upon his journey, and entered the presence of the stern warrior, and told his story. He received it with contempt, replying—

“Box your niece's ears well and send her home to her father.”

Durand Laxart came back with Baudricourt's reply. But the Maid was not discouraged; she determined herself to see the governor. She succeeded after much difficulty in being brought face to face with the warrior. With the utmost eloquence she declared to him that she could save France—that she could and would raise the siege of Orleans, and crown Charles at Rheims. But the iron-hearted soldier would not have faith in her strange promises. Still the heart of the poor Maid was strong,—still she was hopeful and prayerful.

She resolved to stay in Vaucouleurs; she

sought the governor again and again, and with tears and eloquent words besought him not to turn a deaf ear to her supplications — she who was to be the savior of France! It was God, she said, who spoke to him through her, and how could he refuse to listen to his Maker's voice! She went back once with her uncle to his home in Petit Bourey, but her restless heart would not let her stay, and again together they set out for Vaucouleurs. At one time she determined upon setting out on foot for the French court, though it was one hundred and fifty leagues distant. Her courage during all this time was hero-like! She begged Baudricourt at least to send a letter to the dauphin, and at last he consented to do it. The king should decide whether she should make the journey or not. Although the governor had no faith in Joan, yet other persons in Vaucouleurs had. De Metz, a gentleman of some influence, met her one day in the streets, and said —

“Child! what are you doing here? Must we not submit to seeing the king expelled his kingdom, and to ourselves becoming English?”

The Maid replied: “I am come here to ask the Sire de Baudricourt to send me before the

dauphin: he has no care for me, or for words of mine; and yet it is needful that before Mid-Lent I should stand in the dauphin's presence, should I even in reaching him wear through my feet, and have to crawl upon my knees. For no one upon this earth, neither king, nor duke, nor daughter of King of Scots,* no one but myself, is appointed to recover this realm of France. Yet I would more willingly remain to spin by the side of my poor mother, for war seems no work for me. But go I must, because the Lord my Master so wills it."

"And who is the Lord your Master?" said De Metz.

"The King of Heaven," she replied.

Her manner, especially her tone of voice, convinced De Metz that she was indeed inspired of God, and taking her hand he promised, on the faith of a gentleman, to conduct her to the king. He asked her when she desired to commence the journey, and she said:

"To-day rather than to-morrow!"

Another gentleman in Vaucouleurs, named

* The son of the dauphin was expecting to marry a daughter of the King of Scots, and succor was expected from that quarter.

Bertrand de Poulegny, also became a believer in Joan's inspiration, and offered to accompany De Metz on his pilgrimage to court. Baudricourt did not — so it seems at least — receive any reply from the king in reference to Joan's proposed visit, but through the entreaties of De Metz and Poulegny and the popular feeling in Vaucouleurs, he consented to their departure, though he utterly refused to contribute a sou towards the Maid's necessary expenses. The Duke of Lorraine had heard of Joan's fame, and being ill of a mortal disease he sent for her to restore him to health. She replied that her mission was not to save his life, but to save the dauphin and France. The duke kindly gave her four livres, which were exceedingly welcome, as she was before this penniless. When she left Vaucouleurs, Baudricourt gave her a sword, with these words:

“So, then — happen what may!”

Her Uncle Laxart and another countryman borrowed sufficient money to purchase a horse, and the expenses of the journey were borne by De Metz, for which he was afterwards well rewarded by the king. Joan being, as she said, commanded by the voices in the vision, assumed

the male attire. Just before she was ready to start, her parents heard the news—that their daughter was ready to set out for the wars—and they hastened to Vaucouleurs to beg of her to relinquish so wild, so sad, so ruinous a project. Their grief and consternation were great;—they looked upon her already—she who had ever been so pure and saint-like—as a ruined and despised woman. For a woman to go to the wars was at least to lose the reputation of virtue. But the Maid was firm. She was indeed greatly affected by the honest suffering of her parents, but she felt it to be her duty to obey the heavenly “voices.” They went back with sad hearts. After they were gone, Joan wrote to them begging their forgiveness for the journey she felt it to be her solemn duty to undertake, and they forgave her.

It is thought by some historians that her brother Pierre accompanied her on this journey, but it is by no means certain that he did so. The party left Vaucouleurs on the first Sunday in Lent—the 13th of February, 1429. De Metz, Poulegny, Colet de Vienne, a king’s messenger, Richard, a king’s archer, and two servants, were the companions of the Maid. The season

was that of winter, the journey was long and dangerous, for the country was full of straggling detachments of soldiery belonging to either army; there were rivers to ford, great forests to cross, yet Joan was stout of heart. She never complained for a moment of the hardships which she was obliged to suffer during her journey, though she did complain that her companions refused to wait every morning for her to hear mass. Her faith grew brighter each succeeding day of the journey; theirs grew weak. They became filled with disheartening doubts; it seemed to them, after all, as if they were conducting an insane woman, a crazy peasant-girl, to the king, and they were tempted to end her life.

The Maid however reached Gien in safety, and from there she was among the partisans of the dauphin. To all whom she met she frankly announced her mission—to crown the king and raise the siege of Orleans. The more widely the tale of her journey should be circulated the better, for it would, if it was believed that she really was directed specially by God, inspire the nation with hope. Stories of her visions and of her superhuman energy and will were spread far and near by the gossips, until they at last came to

Orleans, and its inhabitants, before entirely hopeless, welcomed the news.

The day before Joan left Vaucouleurs the famous "battle of Herrings" was fought, and five hundred French soldiers were left dead on the field. The people of Orleans were discouraged, despairing, and the dauphin himself, though hopeful in temperament, was by this blow made sorrowful and dispirited. Young, — he was just twenty-seven years of age, — easy and graceful in his manners, the dauphin was beloved; yet his lack of stern and warrior-like qualities lost to him the respect of the more earnest minds of France. It is said that La Hire, one of his bravest captains, once said to his master:

"I never yet saw a kingdom so merrily lost!" And yet much of the time Charles was suffering from want of the common luxuries and even necessities of life.

After the battle of Herrings, Charles' courtiers advised him to desert Orleans, and retire with his remaining forces into the provinces of Dauphiné or Languedoc — a region of mountain fastnesses, where, they argued, he could successfully withstand the assaults of the English. But this advice was overruled. Histories gene-

rally give the credit of it to the far-famed Agnes Sorel. Hume says :

“It was fortunate for this good prince, that as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. Mary of Anjou, his queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure. His mistress too, the fair Agnes Sorel, seconded all her remonstrances, and threatened that if he thus pusillanimously threw away the sceptre of France, she would seek in the court of England a fortune more correspondent to her wishes.”

Lord Mahon thus remarks upon the mistake of the historian :

“More recently the great dramatist of Germany has considerably improved the story, by suppressing the fact that Charles was already married, and making him proffer his hand and his crown to the lovely Agnes :

“‘She might adorn
The fairest throne on earth, but she disdains it.
My paramour she is, and by that name
Alone doth she desire to be called.’

“We feel reluctant to assist in dispelling an

illusion over which the poetry of Schiller has thus thrown the magic tints of genius. Yet it is, we fear, as certain as historical records can make it, that it was not until the year 1431, after the death of Joan of Arc, that Agnes Sorel appeared at court, or was even seen by Charles. . . . Any romantic legend or popular tradition may be readily welcomed by a poet to adorn his tale, without any nice inquiry as to its falsehood or truth. But we may notice, in passing, another departure of Schiller from the facts, without any motive of poetical beauty to explain and excuse it. He has transferred the position of Cl inon to the northern bank of the Loire, and made the passage of that river the signal of retreat towards the southern provinces, evidently conceiving the place to be Chateau Chinon, a town some fifty leagues distant, in the ancient Duchy of Burgundy, in the modern department of Nièvre. But no English reader—no English traveler—will thus lightly mistake the favorite resort of our own Henry II.—of our own Richard Cœur de Lion. Long will they love to trace along the valley of the Loire, between Tours and Sunmur, on the east of the bordering hills, the yet proud though long since forsaken and mouldering bat-

lements of Chinon. Ascending the still unbroken feudal towers, a glowing and glorious prospect spreads before them—a green expanse of groves and vineyards, all blending into one—the clear mountain stream of Vienne sparkling and glancing through the little town at their feet—while, more in the distance, they survey, winding in ample folds, and gemmed with many an islet, the wide waters of the Loire. They will seek to recognize, amidst the screen of hills which there encircles it, the neighboring spire of Fontevrault, where lie interred the Second Henry and his lion-hearted son. They will gaze with fresh delight on the ever-living landscape, when they remember the departed great who loved to gaze on it before. Nor, amid these scenes of historic glory or of present loveliness, will any national prejudice, or passion, or ill-will forbid them many a lingering look to that ruined hall—the very one, as tradition tells us, where the Maid of Orleans was first received by Charles!”

But we must return to Joan. When she had arrived within a few leagues of the castle, she stopped—at the village of St. Catharine de Fierbois—and sent forward to the king to announce

her arrival and her object. The permission to go on was at once given, but Charles pondered two days over her request to be presented to him. His counselors were divided upon the subject—some considered the Maid to be a sorceress—an emissary of the devil; some thought her to be a crack-brained enthusiast; and others, while refusing to believe that Joan was really sent from Heaven to achieve the deliverance of France, yet believed it wise for them, in their desperate situation, to accept whatever aid might offer itself. It was decided at last for a commission to receive Joan, and interrogate her closely as to her mission. The commission reported favorably after their interview. Several noblemen, attracted to her by curiosity after seeing her sublime enthusiasm and ardent, artless piety, came away, if not converts yet strongly impressed in her favor.

The king, after wavering for several days, agreed to receive the Maid. The hour appointed came, and the dauphin was attired plainly and stood among his courtiers, while one of his subjects was magnificently clad, and occupied the position usually his. He was determined to try Joan, and see if the spirits would point out

to her the real king. But he must have forgotten that Joan had probably seen his portrait, and that in her enthusiastic brain the image yet remained clear and distinct as the original. The simple country-girl was led into the grand hall of Chinon. It was lit up by fifty torches, and hundreds of knights and nobles were there. Yet Joan was calm as a queen among them. She was wholly occupied with her mission. For herself she had not a thought, and of course trembled not before that earthly assemblage, when she knew herself to be a messenger of God. She entered the presence of the king, walked up to him where he stood in his plain attire and in his retired position, and said:

“God give you good life, gentle King!”

“I am not the king; he is there,” said Charles, pointing to one of his nobles.

“In the name of God,” she replied, “it is no other but yourself. Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan, the maid sent on behalf of God to aid you and your kingdom; and by his command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France.” Shortly after she added:

“Gentle Dauphin, why will you not believe me? I tell you that God has pity on you, on your kingdom, and on your people; for St. Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees before him, praying for you and for them!”

CHAPTER VII.

THE DAUPHIN CONVINCED — HE RELAPSES INTO A STATE OF DOUBT —
JOAN IS EXAMINED BY A COUNCIL — DECLARED TO HAVE A DIVINE
MISSION — IS PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY — ENTHUSIASM
OF THE SOLDIERS — PROVISIONS SENT TO ORLEANS — JOAN ENTERS
THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT — BATTLE IS GIVEN — THE MAID CONQUERS.

THE dauphin was not convinced that Joan was a messenger from God simply from the fact that she had singled him out as king from among his courtiers, but her singularly earnest and lofty enthusiasm made a deep impression upon him. He took her aside and plied her with questions in reference to himself, and in a little while came back astonished, and declaring that the Maid had spoken to him of secrets known only to himself and God, and he believed she was really from God. The secret which she had spoken of was afterwards revealed by the king to one of his favorites, by the name of Boissy. It seems the king, in his despondency, before Joan's presentation at court, had been in his closet alone praying, and that he had supplicated earnestly

the Almighty to give him aid *if, and only if he had a right to the throne—if he was the true and real heir of France*. One of the first things Joan uttered after they were alone was, looking earnestly in his face—

“I tell you, on behalf of God, that you are the true and real heir of France!”

It is not strange that Joan should have ventured such a remark, but under the peculiar circumstances, to the king it was proof of her divine mission.

Charles, however, very soon relapsed into a state of unbelief. He began to doubt whether Joan was not an impostor. He discovered that she knew nothing of the art of war, and therefore wondered how it could be possible for her to achieve any victory over the English. He saw that she was utterly ignorant of statesmanship;—how then could she save France? She was an ignorant peasant-girl. In all save that holy enthusiasm, she was like any other lass in Domrémy. But that transformed her into an angel of light; that made her pure, holy, and possessed with power. The court, which at first was astonished and convinced by her impressive appearance, soon got accustomed to that, and

finding that in a thousand things she was like any country girl, their faith grew faint. But if her reputation for miraculous powers lessened at court, among the masses of the people it increased. Her long and dangerous journey of one hundred and fifty leagues through a hostile country, without being met by a single enemy, a single mishap — this extraordinary fact they said was proof sufficient that God was with her. There also occurred at Chinon an incident which added wonderfully to her fame. She met a rough soldier one day in the street, who addressed her with a coarse jest, when she quietly reprovèd him, saying that it ill became any man, *so near his end*, to use such words. That very afternoon the soldier, in attempting to ford the river, was drowned. At once Joan gained the reputation of a prophet.

The dauphin and his council being yet in doubt as to the propriety of listening to the advice of Joan, concluded to conduct her before the University and Parliament of Poitiers. There she was obliged to pass a weary and critical examination by several theological doctors. All their acumen, however, was unavailing. The gentle yet courageous girl never for an

instant swerved from her holy purpose—never varied in her statement. She said :

“I know neither A. nor B., but I am commanded by my voices, on behalf of the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the dauphin at Rheims.”

“And pray, what language do your voices speak?” asked Doctor Leguin, from Limoges, in a strong Limousin accent.

“Better than yours,” she instantly replied.

She did not claim any miraculous gifts, though they were ascribed to her by the people. She simply declared that God had commanded her to save France—and that she confidently expected to do. The doctors asked her for a sign, and her reply was one to stir the heart of a brave man. Said she :

“It is not here but at Orleans that I will give you a sign—and my only sign shall be, to lead brave men to battle!”

A messenger was sent to Domrémy to ascertain the history and early conduct of the Maid. He came back with stories of her piety and simple honesty. The result of all these examinations was greatly in her favor. A prophecy had long been current in France, that the realm was

to be saved by a maiden. The doctors of theology even were affected by this prophecy.

The Queen of Sicily, mother to Charles' wife, and the chief ladies of the court, declared that they could no longer doubt, and the doctors at once declared that the dauphin ought to accept the services of the Maid.

She was at once equipped for battle. She was arrayed in a knight's armor, but declined accepting a sword, saying that there was one marked with five crosses, and lying in the church vault of St. Catharine, at Fierbois, which she would carry, and none other. A messenger was accordingly sent, and the old, neglected sword was found exactly where she had declared it would be found. The people considered this another and an astonishing proof of her supernatural powers. A banner was next made, under her direction. The material was white, and it was covered with the *fleurs de lis* of France, and upon it was the figure of our Saviour, and the inscription "JHESUS MARIA." Jean Sire d'Aulon was made her squire,—he was a very brave man,—and Father Pasquerel, a friar, was appointed her confessor. She had also two heralds and two pages. Two months were occupied in

making all these preparations, and the 14th of April had half gone when the Maid joined the army at Blois. She entered the town on horse-back in her armor, and with her head bare, her dark curls streaming in the wind. She rode her horse finely,—her form was tall and graceful,—there was an air of triumph in her countenance, and her lance was poised as if for instant conflict with the enemy.

The army saw her with hopeful hearts: their enthusiasm was so great, that from the depths of despair they sprang to exultation. They believed that God was about to rescue them and France from destruction. Thousands who had deserted the ranks came pouring back, and voluntarily assumed the instruments of war. Six thousand soldiers were thus drawn up to receive her. The dauphin was not there, for such was his devotion to pleasure that he had retired to his castle of Chinon; but the great French captains were there, such as the Marshal de Boussac, the Admiral de Culant, La Hire, De Retx, and De Lore. Although it had never yet been defined, the exact position Joan was to occupy, yet the strange, the wild enthusiasm of the army, at once set the matter at rest. The renowned chiefs at once

placed her at the head of the forces, and she was acknowledged by the soldiers as their highest authority. The very first act of Joan—and it indicates the real piety of her heart—was an attempt to reform the morals of the camp. The women of ill-fame, who swarmed in it, were sent away with good advice, and the men were called upon to prepare for battle by confession and prayer. Father Pasquerel every night and morning bore aloft her holy banner, and herself and the priests of Blois walked in procession through the town, singing hymns and calling upon sinners to repent. Joan's enthusiasm was such that no one could resist its influence. Hundreds of the rough soldiers followed her to mass, and among them the swearing, wicked, but courageous La Hire.

Before setting out Joan dictated a letter to the English, announcing her mission from on high, and demanding that they at once resign all the cities which they held in France to King Charles, or they would receive chastisement from Heaven! Her letter, and indeed all her letters, were headed with the words "JHESUS MARIA," and a sign of the cross.

The English, as might be expected, paid little

attention to what they considered a foolish command. They threatened to burn alive the herald who brought her message, as an ally of Satan, but the French declared they would, in revenge, burn the English herald, and the French letter-bearer was saved. Still, Joan's letter had a great effect. The leaders might scoff, but the great body of the soldiery, being superstitious, began to believe that Joan, either from God or the devil, was supplied with supernatural powers, and would achieve their overthrow. They began to hear her name pronounced with fear.

The French leaders at Blois had been gathering a supply of provisions for Orleans, the inhabitants of that city being reduced to the lowest extremity. Ten thousand men were sent as a guard to the provisions, and to endeavor, at whatever risk, to get them to the starving but courageous besieged. It was an exceedingly difficult operation, for the English army was far superior in numbers to the French. Joan insisted that the provisions should be carried along the northern bank of the Loire, through the district of Beauce, while the army leaders were equally desirous that the march should be along the southern bank of the Loire and through

the district of Sologne. Their reason, and it was an important one, was that upon that side the English were quartered with less efficiency, and therefore it would be less dangerous to make the approach there. The Count of Dunois was determined not to listen to the Maid on this point, though she were a messenger from Heaven. But Joan was firm—the voices directed her to go through Beauce—and there she must go. Unable to overcome her objections to the southern route, a *ruse* was resorted to:—the river was crossed at Blois, but the northern route was taken, the Maid, who had no knowledge of either route, all the time believing that they were proceeding through Beauce. After they had marched two days, the city of Orleans came into sight, and Joan was astonished to perceive that the approach was made contrary to her command. She was exceedingly indignant, but she perceived that no time was to be spent upon the past, for the present was full of importance to the success of the French. She held a conference with the Count Dunois, who was ready with boats to receive the convoy of provisions. Night was coming on, and the storm raged fiercely, the wind blowing against them. The army

leaders all insisted upon delay, but Joan, with a wisdom greater than theirs, demanded that the attempt be made to reach Orleans that night. The result was most happy; the wind, after the embarkation, changed, and the provisions entered Orleans, to the great joy of the starving inhabitants. The night was so dark and stormy that the English soldiers kept close in their redoubts, and no opposition was made to the entrance.

It was now determined to attempt to bring from Blois a second convoy of provisions — the army of ten thousand being as yet outside the walls of Orleans with Joan. This determination was for a time concealed from her, but when it was made known, though much displeased, she consented to it, provided Father Pasquerel and other priests were allowed to remain with the army to maintain its morals, and also that the convoy should this time take the route along the northern bank of the Loire.

The Maid now formed the bold resolution of herself entering the beleaguered city, to share its trials and triumphs. She had faith in herself, and was ready to commit herself to the care of the spirits who thus far had been her guide. It

was on the night of the 29th of April, that she made her entrance. The gallant La Hire with two hundred lancers embarked right in the face of the English, in their bastille of St. Jean le Blanc. They seemed to be awe-struck at the sublime courage and devotion of Joan. And so, at dead of night, amid lightning and thunder, with her little band of two hundred, the peasant-girl of Domrémy made an entrance into Orleans, surrounded as it was by a powerful English army! Is it strange that the people of Orleans looked upon her as a child of Heaven? The inhabitants, though it was midnight, flocked in vast numbers to her side, and gazed at her with holy wonder, or pressed forward to touch the hem of her garments, believing that in so doing they received a blessing.

The morning was hastening on, but Joan proceeded to the cathedral, where the majestic "Te Deum" was chanted by torchlight. She then selected her home with a lady of pure reputation—at number 35 Rue du Tabourg. This carefulness of her reputation was one of her characteristics throughout her marvelous career. Though associated with the licentious and the profligate on the field of battle, she was always

exceedingly particular in making her home with the gentle and virtuous. She found, at the home selected by her as her residence, a superb entertainment prepared for her, but she refused to accept it, and dipping a slice of bread into some wine and water, she ate it and retired to rest. All these little incidents were treasured up by the people; her form, her conduct, everything pertaining to her was carefully noticed. They saw that she was gentle, and beautiful, and pure of heart, as well as heroic and brave — saw that in every possible manner she studied their comfort and happiness — and they were quite willing to fall down in reverence and love at her feet.

She spoke confidently of raising the siege at once; and she said her only anxiety was that it might be done without the shedding of blood. Her heart was too gentle to look upon the slaughter of a battle-field without horror — and yet, if it must be, she was prepared for it. She directed an archer to shoot a second letter of warning into the English ranks. She even went herself out upon the walls, and in a loud voice warned the besiegers to depart, or they should most surely be overtaken by disaster and shame. Sir William Gladsdale commanded in the quarter

where she appeared, and he and his soldiers laughed and scoffed at her. "Go home," said they, "and keep your cows." Joan was so much affected by their insults, that she wept aloud. But it soon became very evident that their laughter and scoffs were affected, for on the fourth day the second convoy of provisions made its appearance, and Joan and La Hire sallied forth with troops to meet it and escort it into the city and strange to say, the long line made their procession into the town, under the very eyes of a powerful enemy, without a single attempt to prevent them. The English soldiery seemed to be paralyzed with fear, and the same sentiment was rapidly extending to the English officers. Up to the present time success had been gained without striking a blow; but now the hour for conflict came. The afternoon of the morning on which the convoy entered Orleans, a portion of the inhabitants made an attack upon the bastille of St Loup. Joan, after bringing in the convoy, had retired to her room, and the army chiefs sent her no word of the attack upon the English. The day was warm, and to her it had been one of fatigue, and she threw herself upon a bed and tried to sleep. But she was restless—

Father Pasquerel, her chaplain, gives the account — and disturbed. Suddenly she called to her esquire:

“The voices tell me to march against the English, but I do not know whether it should be against their bastiles or against Fastolf. You must arm me.” Her esquire put on her armor, but while it was being done she heard a great noise in the street. The report flew to her that the English were chasing the inhabitants, and shedding their blood. She exclaimed:

“My God! the blood of our people is flowing! Why was I not wakened sooner? Oh that was ill done! My arms! my arms! my horse! She left her esquire behind and flew down stairs. A page loitered at the door. Said she with great vehemence:

“You wicked boy, why did not you come and tell me that the blood of France is being shed? Quick, quick! My horse!”

The horse was instantly brought, she mounted it, and then called for her banner, which was handed to her through a window of the house, and she galloped bravely towards the scene of conflict. As she came near it she met a townsman, who was frightfully wounded:

“Ah,” said she, “never have I seen the blood of Frenchmen flow, without my hair standing on end!” She at once plunged into the thickest part of the fight. The danger seemed to inspire the Maid. She waved her white banner in the breeze, and wherever she saw a fainting or retreating battalion, there she flew, and with lofty words of courage and cheer she sustained their spirits. A second onset was made, and after three hours of terrible conflict St Loup was won! The English soldiery were almost all put to death, though the Maid upon her knees begged for their lives—be it ever remembered to her glory!

The next day—the 5th of May—was Ascension day, and was kept as a festival. The whole of it was devoted to public prayer and thanksgiving. Joan was all day among the soldiers, exhorting them to repentance, and desiring that none should join her banner without confession. Her influence over the rough and wicked soldiery was astonishing. They forsook their vices and went to mass. Prayers were heard everywhere in the camp. La Hire, who before he saw the Maid had been a very wicked though brave man, was deeply affected by her enthusi-

astic piety. He was regular at mass, and prayed devoutly. One of his prayers is preserved. It was delivered aloud by him just before going to battle, and he uttered it with the utmost reverence. It was as follows:

“O God, I pray thee that thou wouldest do this day for La Hire, as much as thou wouldest La Hire would do for thee if he was God, and thou wert La Hire!”

In the afternoon a council of war was held, but the Maid was not invited to join it. This fact shows that the leaders of the army doubted her mission. The council determined to attack the English bastiles on the southern shore, but Joan when she heard of their decision was much opposed to it. She at length however acquiesced in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

**BATTLE — JOAN WOUNDED — THE SIEGE RAISED — BRAVERY OF THE
ENGLISH — THE MAID URGES THE DAUPHIN TO FOLLOW UP THE VIC-
TORY BY FURTHER BATTLES — PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOAN —
SIEGE OF JARGEAU — TROYES TAKEN — RHEIMS TAKEN ALSO —
THE DAUPHIN CROWNED AT RHEIMS — JOAN BEGS LEAVE TO GO
BACK TO DOMREMY.**

ON the sixth of May, before daybreak, Joan took her position with the army chiefs near the side of Sologne, and made an attack upon the bastille des Augustins. The English made a courageous resistance — two bastilles joined forces, and at last the French were put to flight. The Maid, contrary to her will, was for a time dragged along with the retreating soldiery, but soon came to a stand, and then chased the English back to their entrenchment. She waved her banner in the air, and galloped bravely towards them, and they were too fearful of her powers to stand their ground. French reinforcements now came up, and after a severe fight the

bastile des Augustins was taken, and burned to the ground. Joan was slightly wounded in the foot, and at night she was persuaded to return inside the walls. The English now only occupied a single fort, the bastile des Tournelles. But it was a very strong entrenchment, and filled with the bravest of captains and soldiers. The French officers knowing this, were intent on remaining quiet for a time, and in council decided not to make a further attack until they received further reinforcements. But Joan would not agree to their decision :

“You have been to your council,” she said, “and I to mine. Be assured that the council of God will hold good, and that the council of men will perish.”

The warrior-chiefs were well aware that the people and the soldiery were her warm partisans. They cared not so much for her heavenly and miraculous counsels, but far more for her influence over the masses among the people and the common soldiers. They urged her vehemently to give up her insane idea of carrying on the conflict immediately. Whilst she sat — so says one of the old chroniclers — while she sat apparently weighing their arguments, an at

tempt was made to seduce her thoughts from the subject by the rare delicacy of a shad-fish! Jacques Boucher, her host, brought it to her, saying:

“Joan, let us eat this shad-fish to dinner, before you set out.”

She replied:

“In the name of God, it shall not be eaten till supper, by which time we will return by way of the bridge, and bring back with us as a prisoner an Englishman who shall eat his share of it!” It was well and bravely said by the devoted Maid.

Seeing that there was no virtue in mere persuasion, the Sire de Gancourt, who was at that time governor of the city, stationed a band of soldiers before the Porte Bourgoyne, through which Joan would be obliged to pass, and would not unbar it. He himself commanded the men, and in that manner thought to restrain the Maid from what he considered a mad exploit. She said to him:

“You are an ill man, but whether you will or not, the men-at-arms shall come and shall conquer, as they have conquered before.”

The people became aroused by her earnest

words ;— the soldiers even became enthusiastic, and rushed rudely upon the Sire de Gaucourt, and threatened to tear him in pieces. He saw that it was not only impossible but impolitic to resist them, and therefore yielded. Joan pressed onward, with a host of people and soldiers following. They crossed the Loire in boats, intending to attack the Tournelles on the opposite side. La Hire and the other leaders of the French armies saw that an engagement was inevitable, and therefore followed on quickly after Joan for the opposite shore. They opposed with all their might the project of attacking the English, but when they saw that their opposition was useless, they went to fighting more courageously.

The English captains on the northern shore, Suffolk, Talbot and Fastolf, saw the preparations of their enemies at first with composure, but soon their soldiers showed signs of terror, when they saw the approach of the Maid of Orleans, whom they believed to be in league with the devil. They were panic-stricken. Their leaders could not persuade them to sally out to assist their fellows under Gladsdale, nor to attack the city in the absence of its defenders, which would

almost surely be taken. And Gladsdale was left by them to sustain alone the attack. He was however well fortified, and his garrison of five hundred were well equipped, and were the choicest men of the whole English army. Their position was an excellent one for withstanding an onset from an enemy, however fierce it might be. They continued a steady fire upon the French, of bows and fire-arms. The moment an attempt was made to scale a rampart the ladders were overthrown with hatchets, pikes, and mallets. The attack commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, and the Maid was all the time in the foremost ranks of the army, waving her banner and shouting to the soldiers to preserve their courage. At twelve o'clock she saw that their ardor began to cool, and seizing a ladder she planted it against a wall, and began to ascend it. The army was astonished at her daring courage, but while they beheld, an arrow from an English bow struck through her corselet, and entered the flesh between her neck and shoulder. She fell instantly back into the fosse, and the English were already pressing down to make her prisoner, but the French rallied bravely to her rescue, and bore her safely away from the

field. She was laid carefully upon the grass and disarmed. While she lay there the anguish of her wound was great. With her own gentle hand she pulled out the arrow—a few silent tears flowing from her eyes. She declared that she had a vision of her saints, and from that moment was consoled. The wound was dressed; the Maid then devoted a few moments to prayer, and then mounted her charger and rode to the scene of battle.

The French troops were almost entirely disheartened when they saw Joan borne from the field, and had ceased to fight, but when they saw her coming back their spirits ran high, and they remembered that she had predicted that she should be wounded, and their faith in her divine mission was greater than ever. They led on to battle again with the fiercest enthusiasm. The English were astonished and terrified to see the Maid once more sound the onset. They supposed that she was half dead from the effect of her wound and fall. Many of the soldiers looked upon her as a supernatural being, and declared that they saw in the air, fighting by her side, the patron saints of Orleans, and the Archangel Michael, on white chargers! With such a superstitious belief

among the soldiery it was impossible for the chiefs to fight with advantage. They could not impart confidence to the English army. In the meantime the French troops fought courageously against them. A fresh body of townspeople advanced to the broken arch at the opposite end of the fort, and kept up a terrible fire. Sir William Gladsdale, the English commander of the fort, at last drew in his forces from the outer bulwarks, and concentrated his whole strength upon the "Tournelles," or towers. At that time he was in sight of Joan, who cried out to him:

"Surrender! surrender to the King of Heaven. Ah! Glacidas, your words have foully wronged me; but I have great pity on your soul, and on the souls of your men!"

But the English captain would not heed her summons to surrender, but pursued his way, accompanied by his bravest knights, along the drawbridge, when a cannon ball thrown from a French battery struck it where they were, and precipitated them all into the stream, and they perished in it. The French now pressed into the bastille without meeting any resistance. Three hundred of the brave garrison were already

killed, and the remaining two hundred were made prisoners of war.

When it was nearly night the Maid, as she had predicted in the morning, returned to Orleans by the bridge. Her conduct during the day had been glorious. Even those who doubted and scoffed at the idea of her divine mission, could not deny that in martial courage and intrepidity she surpassed every captain in the French army. They therefore were obliged to respect her. But the great body of the soldiery and the people worshiped her as a messenger from Heaven, as the Savior of France. They were now thoroughly convinced that she was in league with the angels. Her courage and endurance had been superhuman. Their faith in her therefore, was firm and strong.

She returned to Orleans, and was received by the inhabitants triumphantly. The bells of the churches rang out, and in the cathedral the "Te Deum" was chanted. The soldiers were in exulting spirits, and were greeted by the townspeople most warmly.

The English were disheartened. That very night the Earl of Suffolk summoned Fastolf, Tal-

bot and the other army chiefs to council. The victories of the French had disheartened them, and they were now inferior in numbers. The chiefs were dejected at the prospect before them, and discussed the subject of their future operations in a dispirited manner. They came to a unanimous conclusion that the siege must be raised. But it was with sad hearts that they came to such a conclusion.

The next morning—it was Sunday, the 8th of May—they abandoned their great forts of London and St. Lawrence, abandoned all their fortifications and set them on fire. When the inhabitants of Orleans arose that morning they were surprised to see the English redoubts in flames. The English army advanced a little towards the city walls and rested, challenging the French to a battle upon the open field. This the French refused, and after a short tarry the line of march was taken up, and the invaders commenced a retreat towards Mehun-sur-Loire in very good order. They had no transport, and therefore were obliged to leave behind their sick and wounded and all their baggage. The French garrison and multitudes of the towns-

people were anxious to pursue them, but the Maid of Orleans, with that nobleness of character which she ever exhibited, said:

“In the name of God, let them depart!—and let us go and give thanks to God.” After she had said this she led the way to high mass.

And so the 8th of May was made a day of prayer and thanksgiving to God. And ever since that day its anniversary has been celebrated in the city of Orleans. At this day it is regarded devoutly and solemnly by the inhabitants. The magistrates of the city walk in procession around the town, the “Te Deum” is sung in the great cathedral, and a sermon is delivered in honor of the Maid of Orleans.

So soon one of the most important of Joan’s predictions had become a matter of veritable history. In seven days she *had* “raised the siege of Orleans,” and three of these were spent in public devotions! With a faith truly wonderful, she had never for an instant doubted God’s purpose to enable her to raise the siege, and most bravely, most gloriously had she executed her part in that difficult and dangerous conflict. It was done—the English armies were gone—and she remained their conqueror—the savior

of Orleans, if not of France. She had been bitterly opposed by all the warrior chiefs, by the wise men of France, yet she had triumphed over them, and over the English! It would not have been strange if she had been elated with her success—if her heart had throbbed quickly with a glorious pride, but it was not so. She seemed scarcely to be aware that she was deserving of any thanks. She was as meek and humble, as unselfish, and devoted to the interests of the dauphin, as ever. The first part of her prediction was already accomplished, and she now, with perfect confidence in God, set about accomplishing the second, which was, to crown the dauphin at Rheims. She urged Charles to submit himself to her guidance, for could he not see, had he not ample proof that she was sustained by a powerful Arm? Could he object to follow her counsels, now that the siege of Orleans was raised? An old French chronicler writes the following description of an interview between the Maid and the dauphin:

“When Joan the Maid was before the king, she kneeled down and clasped him by the feet, saying:

“Gentle Dauphin, come and receive your

noble crown at Rheims; I am greatly pressed that you should go there; do not doubt that you will there be worthily crowned as you ought.' It happened then that the king in his own thoughts, and also three or four of the chief men and captains around him, deemed it would be right, if not displeasing to the said Joan, to inquire what her voices said to her. She saw their thoughts and said:

“‘In the name of God I know right well what you think and desire to ask me of the voice which I heard speak touching your being crowned, and I will tell you truly. I had set myself to prayer as I am wont to do, and I was complaining because I was not believed in what I had said; and then I heard the voice declare—*Daughter! go forward; I will be thy helper—Go!* And when that voice comes to me I feel so joyful as is wondrous to tell.’ And while speaking these words she raised her eyes towards heaven, with every sign of gladness and exultation.”

There is, says Mahon, an original document in existence, which is of great interest, as it describes the personal appearance of Joan of Arc at this time. It is a letter from an officer named

Grey, Sire de Laval, to his mother and grandmother at home. It commences in the ancient fashion:

“My very redoubtable ladies and mothers,” and proceeds as follows:

“On the Sunday, then, I set out with the king to go to Selles in Berry, four leagues from St. Agnan; and the king caused the Maid, who before this was at Selles, to come forth and meet him. . . . The aforesaid Maid appeared fully armed on all points save only her head, and held her lance in her hand, and she gave a hearty welcome to my brother and me. After we had dismounted at Selles I went to her dwelling to see her, upon which she ordered wine to be brought in, and told me that right soon she would have me to drink wine at Paris. Both in seeing and in hearing her, she seems altogether a being from Heaven. This same Monday, about the time of vespers, she set out again from Selles, to go to Romorantin, three leagues forward on the enemy's side, having with her Mareschal de Boussac and much folk, both men in arms, and of the commonalty. There I saw her on horseback, clad all in *blank* armor save her head, with a small axe in her hand, and mounted on a great

black charger, who, at the door of her dwelling was prancing and rearing, and would not allow her to mount, upon which she said, 'Take him to the cross which stands before the church near the road.' And after this she mounted without further hindrance, for the horse grew as quiet as though he had been bound. And then she turned towards the church-door, which was nigh, and said in a clear woman's voice, 'Ye priests and churchmen, do ye make procession and prayers to God.' She then pursued her journey, saying, 'Go forward, go forward!' Her banner was folded and borne by a well-favored page; her small axe was in her hand, and a brother of hers who has joined her eight days since was in her company, also clad in *blank* armor."

The dauphin, notwithstanding Joan's miraculous success at Orleans, was unwilling to undertake the expedition to Rheims. He could not as yet have faith in her mission, or he was too indolent and effeminate for the undertaking. He was not worthy of such a subject as Joan of Arc. Far better would it have been for France if she had occupied the throne instead of the pleasure-seeking Charles. He claimed that it was absolutely necessary that other posts upon the river

Loire, still occupied by the English, should be taken before proceeding to Rheims. The Earl of Suffolk had retired with several hundred English soldiers to Jargeau, and the Maid with the French chiefs laid siege to the place. The artillery for many days played upon both sides of it, but ineffectually, but at last a breach was made in the walls, and on the 12th day of June the French trumpets sounded the signal to assault. Joan was among the foremost, and waved her banner to and fro, and gave courage to the soldiery. She herself alone planted a ladder against one of the walls and commenced the ascent, when a large stone was rolled down from the summit, striking upon her helmet and dashing her down into the ditch, apparently killed, but in a moment, though severely hurt, she sprang up again, and with a brave heart shouted:

“Forward! forward! my friends! the Lord has delivered them into our hands!”

The attack was renewed — the troops fought with additional vigor, and the town was taken, and the garrison nearly all put to the sword, though Joan did her utmost to save the lives of those taken prisoners. The Earl of Suffolk was

closely pursued by a French officer. According to the chivalric notions then existing, it was a disgrace for a knight to surrender to any man who had never been knighted. The earl therefore turned upon his pursuer and asked :

“Are you of gentle birth?”

“I am,” he replied. It was one Regnault, an esquire of Auvergne. “And are you a knight?” asked the earl further. “I am not,” he replied. The earl then said :

“I will then make you one!” He then touched him with his sword and dubbed him a knight, and then surrendered the sword and himself to his captor.

Jargeau had fallen, and the fate of its garrison struck the garrisons of Beaugency and Mehun with such fear that they offered no further resistance, and Talbot, who was the chief commander of all the remaining English troops, gathered them into one body, and retreated towards the Seine. On his way there he met a reinforcement of four thousand men under the command of Fastolf. The French also were reinforced at the same time with an army of four thousand, under the Lord Constable of France, Arthur de Richemont. He had some-

time previously become estranged from the king, and Charles wrote to him not to approach with his army, but he continued to draw near. Such was Joan's devotion to her monarch that she offered to give battle to the lord constable. But the soldiers honored him, and she found that it would be extremely difficult to induce them to engage in a civil war. She also, upon sober consideration, saw the extreme folly of indulging in home quarrels in the condition of France. They needed all their strength to clear the country of the king's foreign enemies, the English. She therefore invited the constable to unite his army with that under her guidance, and promised to use her influence to reconcile the king and his distinguished subject. The forces having been joined together, set out in pursuit of the English army. On the 18th of June they overtook them near the village of Patay. The English were so dispirited, were so firm in their belief that Joan had help, either from God or the devil, that they drew up for battle with trembling and fear, and when it began retained their ground but a few moments, and fled in the wildest confusion. Fastolf, so long known as a brave leader, ran at the first

fire, and for the cowardly act was punished by the deprivation of his order of the Garter. Talbot, with more bravery and self-possession, refused to turn his back upon the French, and dismounting fought on foot and almost alone. He was thus made a prisoner with Lord Scales. Two thousand men were killed in the pursuit.

Another victory was gained by the French, and Joan urged with increased vehemence that the dauphin should set out for Rheims to be crowned. It could not be concealed that such a project, contemplated in an ordinary light, must be attended with much danger, for Rheims was still in possession of the English, as were all the cities on the way there; but it certainly was a wise policy, to follow up victory by fresh attacks, while the belief in the supernatural powers of the Maid was strong and universal, both in the French and English armies. And those who believed that Joan's mission was a divine one, certainly had no reason to doubt her, now that she had accomplished several glorious victories, and had raised the whole French people from despair to triumphant exultation. The king was not disposed to any great exertion. He had few of the qualities necessary to make

a hero, and preferred the pleasures and quiet of the court to the camp. He preferred to waste his life in dalliance with beautiful women, rather than to don his armor, and free his country from foreign bondage! He was unworthy of Joan of Arc. Simple peasant-girl as she was, her spirit soared higher than that of the king! But the army were unanimously for proceeding to Rheims, and the king finding it impossible to resist the entreaties of Joan and the sentiment of his soldiery combined, gave a reluctant consent to the proposed expedition. He therefore put himself at the head of twelve thousand men, and set out from the valley of the Loire for Rheims. He was accompanied by Joan of Arc and his bravest captains and most experienced counselors. They first stopped their march before the walls of the city of Auxerre, which closed its gates, but upon payment of money agreed to furnish the army with provisions. The army next proceeded to Troyes, which was well defended both by fortification and by arms. It refused to treat with the dauphin upon any terms whatsoever. It must therefore, if taken at all, be taken by siege. But the army had made no preparation for such a mode of warfare.

They had no mining tools or artillery ; they had no provisions, and kept themselves from starving by eating the green corn and beans in the fields adjoining Troyes. After several days had passed a council was held, when all the chief men and warriors demanded loudly a retreat to the valley of the Loire. The dauphin became discouraged, ---indeed he had never possessed any true courage from the beginning. While the council were disputing a knock was heard at the door, and the Maid of Orleans walked in among them. She first asked the king if he would believe what she had to say. He, forgetting the wonders of valor and suffering which she had performed for his sake, treated her with great coldness, and replied that he would believe her if she spoke that which was reasonable and profitable. She said :

“The city is yours if you will but remain before it two days longer !”

She predicted confidently, and as all her previous predictions had been accomplished, the council agreed to wait for two days. The moment that Joan learned their decision, she sprang upon horseback, and commanded all the men-at-arms whom she met to collect all the fagots

and burning material they could find, and heap them against the walls, intending to take Troyes in that manner. The people of Troyes beheld her courageous exertions, and remembering her former successes and knowing that she was reputed to have intercourse with spirits, they began to fear. Some of them said they actually saw a swarm of white butterflies hovering over her standard. Such reports sped like lightning among the people and the soldiers, and many of them suddenly bethought themselves that though they were Burgundians, yet they were Frenchmen, and that the dauphin was their true king, and that it was rebellion to resist his armies, and therefore they sent terms of capitulation to the king, which he joyfully accepted, and the next day marched within the gates! And did the king feel truly grateful to Joan for saving him from the disgrace of retreating to the valley of the Loire? We fear that in his success he forgot to give her due thanks. She had saved his honor from detraction — she had given him the fame of another victory — but she was as gentle and humble as ever! The army however gloried in the Maid of Orleans, and they cried loudly in favor of proceeding to Rheims.

And so the army marched towards Rheims. First to Chalons, which was quickly surrendered, and then without encountering a single shot, the king and his army marched, on the 16th day of July, into the city of Rheims!

The inhabitants sang loudly their praises of the king, the soldiery were elated with their success, and all were happy in their pride of success — without we except Joan, and she was happy but not proud.

The next day, in the grand cathedral of Rheims, the gentle dauphin stood before the assembled thousands, and was crowned with the circlet which had rested upon the heads of his ancestors — was anointed with the holy oil from the cruise kept for centuries in that ancient town. He was crowned King of France! And Joan, the Maid of Orleans — where was she? She stood where it was fit she should stand — by the side of her monarch! She stood by his side with her banner unfurled and in her hand. She was asked afterward in her trial —

“Why was your banner honored thus beyond all other banners?”

She gave the memorable reply, “It had shared the danger — it had a right to share the glory!”

Ah! yes, poor peasant-girl, thou wert right And while she stood there amid her glory, who did she see among that grand audience? She saw her uncle Laxart, and her father Jacques D'Arc, two plain but honest peasants who had traveled thus far to witness her triumph.

What must have been her reflections as she stood there? In three months time she had raised the siege of Orleans and crowned Charles at Rheims! Three months before she had made the prediction, and was laughed to scorn — and here she stood triumphant! Was she not filled with pride? No; she was full of joy, to be sure, but also full of tears. She thanked God most devoutly for all that was done, and ascribed to him all the glory of the result. She was but a humble instrument in his hands.

She had raised herself from the condition of a humble peasant-girl to a companionship with kings! Did she not look coldly upon her poor old father and uncle? Did they not remind her unpleasantly of her former humble life?

There is nothing in the whole life of the glorious Maid more touching than her conduct at this moment of her highest triumph. When the holy rites were performed, she knelt down be-

fore the monarch, and with her eyes streaming with tears, said :

“Gentle King! now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be anointed, showing that you are the true king, and he to whom the kingdom should belong.” She paused for a moment, and then added :

“I wish that the gentle king would allow me to return towards my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do.”

Could anything surpass this in humility and in entire unselfishness? She felt that her mission was now ended — that the voices no more perhaps would seek to give her counsel ; and for the first time since she had left her home in Domrémy, she panted for its green fields, its pastures and flocks, its ancient trees, its quiet, for the home of her old father! Not for a moment, while executing the will of the voices, had she considered it right to think wishfully of home — not for a moment when she was laughed at and scorned, when she suffered,— but now, when at the full tide of success, adored by the people and the army, and honored above all by the newly

crowned king—*now* she turned to the great beauty of her old home with a wishful, longing heart!

Happy would it have been for Joan if she had gone home now, and had passed the remainder of her life in peace and happiness, but Fate had decreed that the noble girl should be requited for her self-sacrificing life, by ignominy and death.

Her father and uncle saw her at Rheims, and gloried in her triumph. There is still in existence at Rheims the account for the entertainment of Joan's father. He lodged at an inn called the Striped Zebra, and the bill, amounting to twenty-four livres, was paid by the king. This certainly was a deserved mark of respect from the monarch, and shows that he was, to a certain degree at least, grateful to Joan for her generous aid. The very inn where her father lodged still exists at Rheims, and the same cathedral in which Charles was crowned still exists, though since then more than four hundred years have rolled away.

The king and his council heard Joan's petition to return with her father to Domrémy. They had little of her generosity, and at once

began to calculate what her services might be worth to them if she remained. They themselves doubted her supernatural powers, but they probably had no doubts about her sincerity, and which was of most importance, they knew that the people, and the soldiers especially, to a man, adored her as having intercourse with angelic spirits, and as receiving assistance from Heaven. Her presence inspired them with almost superhuman courage, for they imagined that invisible angels were fighting with them — that Heaven had pre-ordained that victory should always, and everywhere, attend the Maid of Orleans. The king and his council therefore came to the conclusion that she must remain with them, and every possible argument was used to induce her to stay. She beseeched them to spare her, now that her great predictions were accomplished. Finding that they were determined upon her presence, she assented to their wish, and gave up her own desires for the good of France.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAID HONORED — DOMREMY MADE FREE FROM IMPOST — JOAN DOUBTS HERSELF — MARCH TOWARDS PARIS — ATTACK — JOAN DESERTED — WOUNDED — SHE IS DISPIRITED — THE KING SHOWS THE WHITE FEATHER — RETURNS TO HIS CASTLE — WINTER — JOAN ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE FLARY — TAKEN PRISONER — DUNGEONED BY THE ENGLISH.

KING CHARLES seems at this time, seeing that Joan gave up her strong desire to retire to Domrémy solely to please him, to have showed her distinctly by various acts that he was grateful to her. He offered to confer upon her family both honors and riches, but she humbly refused to accept them, but added that the only favor she would ask, or consent to be granted was, that Domrémy should be exempt from any kind of impost, and for three centuries it was free.

From this time, Joan constantly had doubts whether she was under the guidance of angels. She had so long looked upon herself as specially designed to raise the siege of Orleans, and crown the king at Rheims, that after these were accomplished, she doubted whether Heaven had

any further communications to make to her. At times she was confiding, and felt assured that the voices whispered counsel to her, but she never had the old faith and unhesitating confidence in their directions. From this time she seems to have experienced not merely external sufferings, but her own mind was troubled. She remained with the king and his council, but was no longer so enthusiastic, so sure of constant success as before.

Other important towns, soon following the example set by Troyes and Rheims, capitulated to the king. Among them were Laon, Soissons, Compiègne and Beauvais. The English as yet held undisputed possession of Paris, but the king was gradually approaching it. Owing to a want of reinforcements, they were unable to risk a field engagement with the French, and so retreated upon Paris.

It was during this retreat of the English—the French army following them closely—that the Maid met with an accident which caused a good deal of fear among the soldiers, as it was regarded by them as an ill-omen. The king even regretted it. She broke her sword. One of the chroniclers of those days says:

“Victory had made the French arrogant and thoughtless, so that they resigned themselves to every kind of licentiousness ; nothing could restrain them. In this the Maid was not hearkened to. Her wrath was so far kindled that one day as she met some men-at-arms, who were making merry with a woman of loose life, she began to beat them with the flat of her sword, so hard that the weapon broke. This was the sword found in the church of Fierbois, and which had just achieved such noble deeds. The loss of it was a grief to everybody, and even to the king. He said to Joan, ‘You ought to have taken a good stout stick and struck the men with that, instead of risking this sword, which has come to you by help from Heaven, as you say.’”

Whether Joan herself felt very keenly this occurrence we know not, but it is very probable that she did, for she attached great significance to omens, as did the people generally in that age.

The French army reached the heights of St. Denis, from which they beheld the spires of Paris. The sight of his old capital must have filled the heart of Charles with an enthusiastic desire for possession. He came it seemed at

the right time, for the Duke of Bedford was absent from Paris in Normandy, engaged in trying to quell disturbances there. In September, 1429, an attack was commenced upon the walls of the city. Joan was quite anxious for it, and promised the soldiers that the following night they should sleep within the walls of Paris. The king, who had so urged Joan on to this expedition, now acted the part of a coward. His ardor was cooled, and he refused to lead on the action, or approach it nearer than St. Denis. His officers, many of them were dispirited by his absence, and others were jealous of the Maid of Orleans, to whom had heretofore been ascribed the honor of the victories obtained, and they were willing that she should take Paris, if she could, without much aid from them. So she was deserted by the king, and, to a certain degree, by his officers. It may be, also, that since the accident to her sword the soldiers had lost faith in her powers. Perhaps she doubted herself. She led the army across the first ditch, and while sounding the second, which was very deep and broad, she was wounded very seriously by an arrow shot from the walls, and her standard-bearer, who was by her side, was instantly

killed. Courageous and noble as ever, she would not harbor a thought of retreat, and though she lay upon the ground exhausted by her wound, she urged the soldiers on!

In a little while the poor girl became so exhausted that she was obliged to cease her cries, and seems to have been entirely overlooked by her friends. She lay down behind a small hill, and endured her pain in silence. She did not murmur even that the king and his generals, with a forgetfulness which was not only cruel but very ungrateful, came not to seek her, sore and wounded as she was. There she lay until evening, when at last the Duke of Alençon came to her assistance, and carried her to St. Denis. The events of this day made a very deep impression upon Joan. It seemed to her as if Providence had deserted her—as if no longer the solemn yet beautiful voices guided her on to victory. She had felt, too, very keenly the conduct of those generals who had basely refused to fight with energy, because they were jealous of her. She must also have taken to heart the coldness and apparent neglect of the king. She must have remarked his supineness and his longings for a retreat to Chinon. When

she arrived at St. Denis, her wounds were dressed, and she repaired at once to the Church St. Denis, and kneeling before the altars of the martyrs, she returned public thanks to God, the Virgin Mary, and the martyrs, for all the benefits she had received from them. She then hung up her arms before the shrine of St. Denis, and declared her resolution never to use them again! It was the result of no sudden fit of indignation at the king and his council (which she might with reason have indulged in,) that caused this determination, but she began to catch glimpses of the shadows of the coming events. The noble peasant-girl began to find her own heart filled, instead of trusting faith, with doubts and glooms.

The moment, however, that the news came to the king that she had renounced the habiliments of war, he became alarmed, and he and his leading generals entreated Joan most eloquently to put them on again to save France. The poor girl looked upon the monarch as a being whose command a subject must ever obey, and whose entreaty must not pass unheeded by, if consonant with right. She therefore once more donned her armor, and stood, willing to attempt the reduction of Paris.

But now Charles put on the white feather. He was sick of battle ; he was tired of sieges, and desired to go back to his peaceful castles, far from the noise and bustle and danger of war. It would have been comparatively easy to reduce the capital by energetic and wise management—there can be no doubt that, if at this juncture, when all France resounded with the triumph of his arms, he had seriously led on the troops against Paris, it must have fallen. But he strangely, foolishly, and in the spirit of a coward, began a retreat. By rapid marches the river Loire was reached, and passed, and the army put into winter quarters—and this, too, at the best time which could possibly occur to besiege Paris, for the Duke of Bedford was now necessarily absent in the provinces. There were, also, several large towns in the north, such as Amiens, Abbeville, St. Quentine, etc., etc., which were quite ready to declare for the king the moment he should appear before their gates with an army. They were awaiting an excuse to side with the newly-crowned monarch—but the excuse, either because he lacked courage or energy, he refused to give to them.

The French soldiers, with the Maid, thought

his conduct strange. One of the French historians has ventured to speak of it justly. Sismondi says: "It is probable, that, but for the king's supineness, he might, on the first assault, have made himself master of his capital, and his sudden retreat to Chinon everywhere depressed and deadened the enthusiasm of his people. The unwarlike citizens, who, throughout the towns of Champagne, of Picardy, and of the Isle of France, were now rising or conspiring to throw off the English yoke, well knew that if they failed there would be no mercy for them, and that they would perish by the hangman's hands, yet they boldly exposed themselves in order to replace their king on his throne; and this king, far from imitating their generosity, could not even bring himself to bear the hardships of a camp, or the toils of business, for more than two months and a half; he would not any longer consent to forego his festivals, his dances, or his other less innocent delights."

The king, though he had retreated from before the walls of Paris, and was no longer in need of the immediate services of the Maid, yet did not forget her. He seems to have been anxious, by his conduct towards her, to atone for

his previous coldness and neglect, and drive her and her friends to forget his singular pusillanimity exhibited by his order for a retreat from Saint Denis. We cannot certainly give the reason for it, but during this winter he granted letters-patent of nobility to Joan and her family. It was an act which was highly deserved.

Evans says: "In December, in this year, the king, as a mark of honor to Joan, and an evidence to future times of the estimation in which her services were held, raised her and all her family to the rank of nobility, and declared that all their descendants, both male and female, should forever inherit this dignity. This was a very unusual grant, and was an especial mark of great favor; for when the king created a commoner a nobleman, the descent of the title seldom extended beyond the male descendants. The family name was upon this occasion changed from D'Arc to Dulys. In 1614, the rank was, by a decree of parliament, restricted to the male branches of the family; and the last of these, Henri-François de Coulombe Dulys, canon of Champeaux and prior of Coutras, died on the 29th of June, 1760."

During the winter, Joan, at different times,

distinguished herself by her bravery in the small skirmishes, or the sieges which were laid against some of the smaller towns. At the siege of St. Pierre le Montier, the troops were overcome by their enemies, and retreated, but she reanimated them, and led them on a second time, and to victory. At another time, Joan headed an expedition against one D'Arras, a robber and pillager. She succeeded in capturing him. He was demanded by the authorities to answer for his crimes, and she therefore gave him up, and after a trial he was executed. She did not like to give him up at first, preferring to keep him as a prisoner of war, but she gave way to the will of the magistrates.

De Quincey, in his essay upon Joan of Arc, after recapitulating her victories and successes, remarks as follows :

“ What remained was—to suffer. All this forward movement was her own : excepting one man, the whole council was against her. Her enemies were all that drew power from earth. Her supporters were her own strong enthusiasm, and the headlong contagion by which she carried this sublime frenzy into the hearts of women, of soldiers, and of all who lived by labor.

Henceforward she was thwarted ; and the worst error that she committed was to lend the sanction of her presence to counsels which she disapproved. But she had accomplished the capital objects which her own visions had dictated. These involved all the rest. Errors were now less important ; and doubtless it had now become more difficult for herself to pronounce authentically what *were* errors. The noble girl had achieved, as by a rapture of motion, the capital end of clearing out a free space around her sovereign, giving him the power to move his arms with effect ; and secondly, the inappreciable end of winning for that sovereign what seemed to all France the heavenly ratification of his rights, by crowning him with the ancient solemnities. She had made it impossible for the English now to step before her. They were caught in an irretrievable blunder, owing partly to discord amongst the uncles of Henry VI., partly to a want of funds, but partly to the very impossibility which they believed to press with tenfold force upon any French attempt to forestall theirs. They laughed at such a thought ; and whilst they laughed she *did* it. Henceforth the single redress for the English of this capital

oversight, but which never *could* have redeemed it effectually, was, to vitiate and taint the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch. That policy, and not malice, was the moving principle in the subsequent persecution of Joanna. Unless they unhinged the force of the first coronation in the popular mind, by associating it with power given from hell, they felt that the sceptre of the invader was broken.

“But she, the child, that at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated? Did she not lose, as men so often *have* lost, all sobriety of mind when standing upon the pinnacle of success so giddy? Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings by the pity which she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English ladies a touching invitation to unite with the French as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or wounded — she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen — she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English

soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. She sheltered the English that invoked her aid, in her own quarters. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that have died without confession. And as regarded herself, her elation expressed itself thus: On the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that when her task was done her end must be approaching. Her aspirations only pointed to a place, which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half fantastic, a broken prayer that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because nature has laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest, and to shrink from torment. Yet again, it was a half-fantastic prayer, because, from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear forever, had long since persuaded her mind,

that for *her* no such prayer could be granted. For well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand. All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *feuds* out of which the French restoration should grow; but she was not suffered to witness their development or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But she still continued to expose her person as before."

Truly, as De Quincey says for Joan, "what remained was — to suffer." But before returning to give her further history upon the field of battle, we must record a singular event which occurred about this time. Another woman came to court, claiming that she was inspired by Heaven, like the Maid of Orleans. But she laid no claims to a warlike mission. She would not interfere with Joan, though she did claim that the angels conversed with her. Her mission was one of gold — she came to furnish the pleasure-loving king with money. She wished to preach to the people, and exhort them to give up their wealth to save France. She claimed that she could tell those who kept their gold

and treasures concealed. She also pretended to have visions of a white lady arrayed in habiliments of gold. To the easy, luxurious Charles, such a mission, were it real, would be very welcome. It would suit his tastes better far than a warlike mission, though the one should corrupt his court and dissatisfy the nation, and the other purify the court and save the nation from impending ruin. From the very first, Joan looked upon the golden maid with distrust. Why we cannot tell, unless she bore upon her person the marks of deceit. She asked to be shown the white lady. Catharine — the new prophetess — declared that she came only in the hours of darkness, and that if Joan would wait beside her through the night, she should have an opportunity to gaze upon the golden lady. Joan therefore watched beside her through a night, when, just at morning, she fell asleep. Catharine declared that the white lady came while she was asleep. This looked like deceit, and therefore Joan determined to try it once more. So she slept the whole of the next day, so as to be sure of keeping awake the following night. She kept awake the following night. Towards morning she asked :

“Is she coming soon?”

Catharine replied, “Soon, soon.”

Again Joan asked, and again: “Is she coming?” and the reply as often came, “Soon, soon.” But the white lady never came.

It is a little singular that Joan did not remember that *her* spirits were never visible to any one but herself. This was stated to her, but she replied that they were not pure enough to see what she saw — an honest answer. With some the golden lady gained credit, though she was not generally popular.

To put an end to the controversy, Joan declared that the voices had told her that Catharine was an imposter, and that her mission was not from above, and that her words were unworthy of being listened to. She advised the lady to return to her home, and take care of her family. This may seem cool and impertinent, inasmuch as Joan herself gave no proof of her inspiration before the siege of Orleans, but to us it is a proof of her sincerity of heart. She could not understand if the voices from above had anything to say, why they should not as before make her the medium of their revelations. Besides, she began to feel conscious that heavenly

interposition was no longer to be granted, and indeed, that her own career was rapidly drawing to its close.

The gentle spring days returned, but King Charles felt no disposition personally to encounter the English. He found little pleasure in the excitement of the camp, and therefore remained himself in his winter quarters, while he sent his army once more across the river Loire into the northern provinces. But they were miserably equipped, and were without any leaders of renown. An army to succeed needs good and disciplined officers. The French officers were so jealous of the Maid of Orleans, that they seemed at all times to avoid going into the field with her. They seem to have been desirous of witnessing her defeat, and therefore took means to ensure it. Such treatment of one who had saved their nation from utter ruin, cannot be condemned too severely.

Several skirmishes took place, and in several of them Joan acted, with a wonderful courage and intrepidity—in all she behaved herself wisely and bravely. So bravely did she conduct herself, that the Duke of Gloucester was obliged to issue a proclamation, to give courage and

assurance to the English under his command. All that Joan needed was a good and well-officered army, and with it she would have driven the English from France in three months. But the king and his council loved pleasure better than independence.

The fortress of Compeigné was commanded by Gillaume de Flavy, a very brave but also cruel man. He had maintained his position for many months, but now the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a powerful army, besieged him. The French king should have siezed upon this occasion, with all his forces, to defend one of his bravest generals. Joan hearing of his danger resolved, though her forces were in a bad condition, to fly to the relief of the brave man. She could not remain inactive and see a brave son of France sacrificed. Right nobly did she at once go to Compeigné, taking with her a body of troops and some of the famous French generals. It was on the twenty-fourth day of May that she set out, and that very evening, though only just arrived, and sadly worn and fatigued, she headed an attack upon the English, and the Burgundians, who were allies of the English. The enemy were unprepared to meet her; they

were fatigued with the exertions of the day, and twice she drove them from their entrenchments. She at last began to despair of conquering them immediately with her present forces. Their numbers increased rapidly, and she sounded the signal for retreat, herself remaining in the most dangerous position—that of the rear-guard. There she sustained herself nobly, until being sore pressed, and the army having safely retreated, she gave way towards the town-gate. She found it partially closed, so that few could enter it at once, and in the great anxiety to press through it, Joan was forgotten, purposely or otherwise. The English now surrounded her and seeing her desperate situation, Joan fought with a courage which brought her enemies to a stand, and she might have effected her escape had the gate been wide open. At this juncture an archer from Picardy came up behind her and grasped her overcoat of red velvet, and in that manner pulled her to the ground. She still struggled for her liberty, and even reached the outer fosse, but there the poor girl was completely overpowered, and finally surrendered to Lionel of Vendone, and a brother soldier.

Joan of Arc!—that name which had carried

terror with it through the English ranks — the Maid of Orleans, was at last a prisoner of the English. She was separated from all her old friends, she was divided from the upholders of that cause she so dearly loved, and which she was willing to seal with her heart's blood, and now alone, a poor peasant-girl, was to meet the fierce hate of a revengeful enemy.

The joy of the English can scarcely be imagined. The leaders saw that the terror which had so long inspired the English army at the name and fame of Joan was now at an end. They thought also that the French people, if Joan was dealt with in a certain manner, would not ascribe the importance which they now did to the coronation of Charles. Of that we shall speak by and by. The English army was full of rejoicings. The "Te Deum" was celebrated in Paris by order of the Duke of Bedford.

But if the English army rejoiced, what was the state of the French soldiery? Every brow was sad — every eye drooped. The gallant savior of France was in the hands of the enemy! Faces were dark and angry too. It was whispered that the noble Maid had been betrayed — that Gillaume de Flavy had deliberately betray-

ed Joan. And afterwards this rumor was proved to be true. His own wife detesting him for his conduct, became his murderer, and was pardoned because she proved, beyond a doubt, that her husband deliberately betrayed Joan into the hands of her mortal enemies, simply because he was envious of her fame. She had risked all to defend him, and then he betrayed the poor girl? History records but few acts so base as this!

Joan was first taken to John of Luxemburg, and from there to Beaurevoir prison; from there to the prison at Arras, and from there to Le Crotoy, at the mouth of the Somme. Twice she made daring attempts to escape. At one time she broke a passage through a wall, but was discovered and watched with increased rigor. A second time she jumped from the tower of her prison, headlong to the ground. She was taken up for dead, but recovered. At last she gave up her attempts to escape—she could no longer evade her fate.

CHAPTER X.

JOAN IS TAKEN TO ROUEN — PUT INTO AN IRON CAGE — SHE IS BASELY INSULTED — CRUEL TREATMENT — HER ENEMIES DETERMINE TO CRUSH HER — HER TRIAL RESOLVED UPON — THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS — ATTEMPTS TO DECEIVE THE MAID — UNSUCCESSFUL.

UP to this time Joan has been in the possession of the Burgundians, but the English were exceedingly anxious to secure her to themselves. During the month of November, 1430, she was surrendered to them by John of Luxemburg, for the sum of ten thousand livres. M. de Barante says :

“Joan was taken to Rouen, where were then the young King Henry and all the chiefs of the English. She was led into the great tower of the castle, an iron cage was made for her, and her feet were secured by a chain. The English archers who guarded her treated her with gross contumely, and more than once attempted violence upon her. Nor were they merely common soldiers who showed themselves cruel and violent towards her. The Sire de Luxemburg,

whose prisoner she had been, happening to pass through Rouen, went to see her in her prison accompanied by the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Stafford. 'Joan,' said he, in jest, 'I am come to put you to ransom, but you will have to promise never again to bear arms against us.' 'Ah! *mon Dieu*, you are laughing at me,' said she; 'you have neither the will nor the power to ransom me. I know well that the English will cause me to die, thinking that after my death they will win back the kingdom of France but even were they a hundred thousand *God dams* more than they are, they shall never have this kingdom.' Incensed at these words, the Earl of Stafford drew his dagger to strike her, but was prevented by the Earl of Warwick."

A modern writer, speaking of the rough treatment which Joan received, says :

"Joan had been taken fighting openly in the cause of her king and country; and although it is rare to find women wielding the sword, yet such should surely be treated with still more tenderness than other soldiers. Even in those days, the worst that was done to an open enemy taken in arms, was to imprison him, and thus prevent his fighting again, until he was either

ransomed for money or exchanged against another prisoner taken by his own party. The Duke of Bedford was quite aware of this, and knew that if he put her to death on his own authority, he should for ever forfeit his character as a gentleman and an honorable soldier. But the English had suffered so much from Joan's extraordinary influence over the French soldiers—the power which she possessed of inspiring them with what seemed almost supernatural courage, that he determined she should die.”

Joan was right in thinking that the English were resolved upon her death, that they might win back the kingdom of France. The dauphin had been crowned at Rheims, and they well knew that the French people attached so much importance to this rite that it would be necessary to convince them that it was effected by diabolical means, before it would be possible to weaken their adherence to the lawfully-crowned monarch. So it was resolved, if possible, to cause Joan to suffer as a witch, and, for greater effect, the ecclesiastical tribunals must become her murderers.

Connected with this desire to ruin the cause of King Charles, there was an intense personal

hatred of Joan. She had caused their shame and defeat, and they longed to wreak their vengeance upon her. It would seem as if her womanhood should have protected her from the insults and the cruelties which even a common prisoner of war is subjected to under extraordinary circumstances; but she did not receive the attentions and the rights to which a prisoner of war is entitled. She was abused by the common soldiers, who, when she was in the field, fled before her courage, but now that she was in chains, like all cowards, became rough and and cruel towards her. Officers of the army, even the most prominent leaders, did not hesitate to conduct themselves in a manner unheard of among gentlemen — the Earl of Stafford actually drawing his dagger upon the poor girl. But if she was then obliged to suffer all these indignities, history has done her and them justice. While her name is glorious, theirs have come down to us covered with shame.

The English renounced any rights over the Maid which they might desire, from the fact that she was a prisoner of war, that they might try her before an ecclesiastical tribunal for witchcraft. To give an appearance of fairness

At the trial, they thought it best to bring her before a French bishop, if one could be found ready to sell himself to the English cause. Such a man was found in the person of Pierre Cauchor, Bishop of Beauvais. Joan had been made a prisoner within the bounds of his diocese, and upon that pretext he presented a petition for her trial as a witch. The University of Paris was also so influenced by the English as to join with him in the petition. The judges were appointed — first, the inhuman Bishop of Beauvais, and second, the vicar-general of the Inquisition, Jean Lemaitre by name. These two men, heartless, and sold to the English, were to decide the fate of the Maid of Orleans. One hundred doctors of theology were also called in to sit with them, but they could simply give counsel, they could not vote.

The enemies of the poor Maid were not content with forcing her to trial before a bribed tribunal, they conducted the preliminaries of the trial fraudulently and very wickedly. The most atrocious practices were resorted to, to betray her into unguarded disclosures. Men were sent to Domrémy to learn, if possible, something against her character, but they returned, loaded

with eulogies of her, and convinced that she was a pious and sincere enthusiast. First a private investigation was held with Joan, the Duke of Bedford hiding himself in the apartment, or looking in through an aperture in the wall from an adjoining room. Then a priest was sent to her who professed himself to be an adherent of King Charles, and a bitter enemy to the English. He professed, also, to deeply sympathise with her in her sad condition. He came from Lorraine. He had suffered in the holy cause of France, he said. He then gave her false advice — for he was a deceiver and intended only her ruin — and endeavored at least to lead her to admit something to her hurt, in confidence to him. Traps were laid in every direction to ruin her. The men with whom she had to deal were artful, designing and unprincipled, while she was but a simple-hearted peasant. Is it strange that under their tortures she at times became confused? The treatment which she received, so utterly lone and friendless was she, will ever be a blot upon the historic fame of the English. But not alone upon the fame of the English. Justly remarks Lord Mahon, while recounting the devilish deeds which characterized this trial:

“But when we find them urged by some French writers, even at the present day, as an eternal blot upon the English name — as a still subsisting cause of national resentment — we may perhaps be allowed to observe, in self-defence, that the worst wrongs of Joan were dealt upon her by the hands of her own countrymen. Her most bitter enemy, the Bishop of Beauvais, was a Frenchman; so was his colleague, the vicar-general of the Inquisition; so were both the malignant Estivet and the perfidious L’Oiseur — the judges, the accuser, and the spy! Even after this large deduction, there will still remain a heavy responsibility against the English authorities — both civil and religious — against the Duke of Bedford and the Cardinal of Winchester.”

This is all true; and it is also true that the saddest reflection which must have forced its way to the heart of Joan, was that the king and his council, whom she had saved at the risk of her life, for whom indeed she was about to die — they had, as it were, deserted her in her hour of agony.

CHAPTER XI.

PREPARATIONS FOR TRIAL — JOAN'S ATTIRE — THE TRIAL — CONDUCT OF THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS — NOTHING PROVED AGAINST JOAN — SHE IS PRONOUNCED GUILTY OF WITCHCRAFT — LISTENS TO A PUBLIC SERMON — SHE IS DECEIVED BY HER TORMENTORS — IS TAKEN BACK TO PRISON — ATTEMPT TO OUTRAGE HER PERSON — SHE ASSUMES HER MALE ATTIRE — IS DISCOVERED — AND DOOMED TO DIE.

THE trial commenced on the 21st of February 1431, in the chapel of the Castle of Rouen. She was dressed as she was wont when leading the French soldiers to battle, in military attire ; but over all hung the rude chains fastened upon her by her captors. She still possessed the courage and spirit which had characterized her in the field, and though weighed down with chains, yet her spirit was not crushed. For fifteen consecutive days she was subjected to the most rigorous and embarrassing examinations. Yet she bore herself bravely through them all. She often manifested great shrewdness in her replies to ensnaring questions. For instance, it was asked :

“Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?” If she replied in the affirmative, it was determined to accuse her of presumption — if in the negative, she would have been accused of admitting her own guilt. Observe how adroitly she replied :

“It is a great matter,” she said, “to reply to such a question.”

Among the hundred doctors, was one Jean Fabry, who pitied her, and said :

“So great a matter, that the prisoner is not bound in law to answer it.” The Bishop of Beauvais was exceedingly angry at Fabry, and said :

“You had better be silent.” He then repeated his question to Joan :

“Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?”

“If I am not in the grace of God,” she replied, “I pray God that it may be vouchsafed to me ; if I am, I pray God that I may be preserved in it.”

Again an attempt was made to entrap her by the question :

“Do the saints Margaret and Catharine, of your vision, hate the English nation?” If she

replied in the affirmative, it would be claimed that such an imputation was blasphemous — if in the negative, they would demand the reason why they commanded her to wage war against the English. But she baffled them by replying.

“They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates.”

“Does God then hate the English?” demanded the Bishop of Beauvais, determined to embarrass her if possible.

“Whether God may love or may hate the English I know not,” she replied; “but I know that they shall be driven forth from this realm by the king of France — all but those who shall die in the field.” A heroic reply, and which of itself alone, should make her name famous.

The principal facts against Joan, and which were relied on to prove her guilty of witchcraft, were the fairy-tree at Domrémy, and her banner which she used in battle. It was charged that she had intercourse with evil spirits under the tree, and that her banner used in the battle-field wrought a magical spell upon her enemies, through her connection with bad spirits. She replied, in reference to the tree, that she had frequently been round the tree in the village

processions, but had never beheld her visions there. In reference to her banner, she declared that she procured it that she might not be obliged to use the sword, as she did not desire to kill with her own hand, and had never done so. Her inquisitors asked :

“ When you first took this banner, did you ask whether it would make you victorious in every battle ? ”

She replied, “ The voices told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me. ”

Again they asked, “ Which gave the most help — you to the banner, or the banner to you ? ”

She replied, “ Whether the victory came from the banner or from me, it belonged to God alone. ”

“ Was the hope of victory founded on the banner or on yourself ? ” they asked.

“ It was founded on God, and on naught besides, ” she replied.

Again they asked, “ If another person had borne it, would the same success have followed ? ”

“ I cannot tell, ” she replied ; “ I refer myself to God. ”

“ Why were you chosen sooner than another ? ”

“It was the pleasure of God that thus a simple maid should put the foes of the king to flight.”

“Were you not wont to say, to encourage the soldiers, that all standards made in semblance of yours would be fortunate?”

“I used to say to them, ‘Rush in boldly among the English!’ and then I used to rush in myself.”

Evans says of these trials: “Few witnesses were examined against her, and none face to face. The principal were some of those English soldiers who were so terrified at her renown that they refused to come to France to fight against her. They swore that nothing but witchcraft could have made them so afraid, and her very judges seemed ashamed to make any use of such evidence. They sought chiefly, as is still customary on like occasions—for such trials, although now very rare, do occasionally take place in countries where the Pope has power—to convict her from her own mouth.

“She was kept in very close and severe confinement, in a stone dungeon, fettered with iron chains, and poorly fed, and from time to time brought out in a large hall, where her judges

were assembled, and there questioned closely, sometimes for hours together, upon all the circumstances of her past life. This went on, not for a few days, or even weeks, but for some months, and was in itself so trying, that it had been no wonder if, from very weariness and exhaustion, she had said foolish things. Sometimes she was brought up two or three days running, and then left several days together without interruption; but she never wavered in her statements, or made any variation in them. She told clearly and distinctly all she had said when she first went to the king. She avowed all her predictions, and even added one to them, saying that within seven years the English would lose a much more important place than Orleans. She was quite right, for Paris fell into King Charles' hands in the spring of 1446."

On one point Joan seemed not so clear—that of her first interview with the king. Says Lord Mahon: "On this topic she at first refuses to answer altogether, saying that she is forbidden by her voices. But afterwards she drops mysterious hints of an angel bringing a crown to Charles from Heaven; sometimes saying that

the king alone had beheld this vision, and some times that it had been before many witnesses. In other examinations she declares that she herself was this angel ; in others, again, she appears to confound the imaginary crown of the vision with the real one at Rheims. In short, this was clearly one mainspring of her enthusiasm, or a morbid point in her mind where judgment and memory had been overpowered by imagination."

But not the slightest proof was elicited of her being guilty of sorcery. Such had been her candor and simple honesty, that when a proposal was made to put her to torture, hoping thereby to elicit revelations tending towards a conviction, only two persons were found base enough to favor it. An Englishman, who was a witness to her conduct, exclaimed :

"A worthy woman — if she were only English !"

The question of Joan's guilt or her innocence was unimportant, however, to her enemies — they had resolved upon her death. If she could be executed with a show of justice, of course they would be pleased, but it was not to administer justice that they commenced the prosecution. It was to convict her of witchcraft, and

to execute her as a witch. Her inhuman judges therefore drew up against her twelve articles of accusation. These were presented to the University of Paris, which body eagerly gave in its confirmation.

On the 24th day of May, 1431 — just a year from the day she was taken prisoner — she was brought to listen publicly to a sermon. The place was the churchyard of Saint Owen, where two scaffolds were erected — one for the Cardinal of Winchester and the Bishop of Beauvais, the other for Joan and the preacher, by name Evard. The sermon was full of provoking language, directed at Joan, but she bore his insults in silence. But when the preacher spoke of King Charles as “a heretic and schismatic,” she exclaimed aloud :

“Speak of me, but do not speak of the king—he is a good Christian. By my faith, sir, I can swear to you, as my life shall answer for it, that he is the noblest of all Christians, and not such as you say.”

The Bishop of Beauvais was very angry, and directed the officers upon duty to stop her voice, when the preacher proceeded. When he was through, a form of abjuration was presented to

Joan, for her to sign. Of course she knew not the meaning of the word, and it was explained to her. She declared that she had nothing to abjure — that what she had done was commanded by God. She was entreated; arguments were used to persuade her that for her to sign the form could not be wrong. She was pointed to the public executioners, who were waiting to bear her away to death, if she refused. She became confused, and replied :

“I would rather sign than burn.” She then put her mark to the paper. The wretches, however, who urged her to sign, were not desirous of saving her life, but of an opportunity to play a trick upon the hapless Maid. By deceit they secured her name, *not to the paper which had been read to her*, but to another which contained a full confession of all the crimes with which she was charged. This was exhibited to the people to convince them of Joan’s guilt, and to disgrace her in their sight, while she, in her dungeon, was entirely unconscious of the base deception which had been practiced upon her. She was now, according to this virtually forged confession, submissive. The Bishop of Beauvais then passed sentence upon her, which was, that

she was to remain in prison for the rest of her life, "with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food."

She replied, "Well, then, ye men of the church, lead me to your own prisons, and let me no longer remain in the hands of these English."

That wish, however, was not destined to be gratified—she was taken back to her old dungeon. Her enemies by no means had yet done with her. They were in want of her blood. Her life they must have. They had proved her guilty of heresy, but according to the rules of the church, no person could be executed on the first charge, but if guilty of a relapse, the punishment of death could be inflicted. The slightest pretext would, of course, be instantly acted upon, and that soon was not wanting.

She had, according to promise, resumed her female dress. Her male costume, which had been adopted because it was positively necessary upon the battle-field, was now thrown aside. Her judges commanded it. But, as she sat in her lonely cell one day, there entered an English lord. He made base proposals to her, aye, not only that, he attempted violence. A struggle ensued, and when the infamous nobleman

left, and the officers entered, she was found with her lace torn, and she was herself in tears. This last outrage upon her honor was too much, and her courageous spirit trembled. In her trouble the voices whispered to her again, telling her to resume her male costume, for it was necessary as a protection against the ruffians by whom she was surrounded — as a safeguard to her honor. She therefore reëssumed her military dress, and was discovered in it by the officers. This was a sufficient pretext for the Bishop of Beauvais. He repaired at once to her prison, to be convinced of the fact. When he was satisfied, he asked :

“Have you heard the voices again.”

She replied, “I have ; St. Catharine and St. Margaret have reproved me for my weakness in signing the abjurations, and commanded me to resume the dress which I wore by the appointment of God.”

Her fate was sealed, for the bishop pronounced her a relapsed heretic. Nothing now remained but to execute her.

One of the many French historians, who have written upon this subject, gives the following reason for Joan’s assuming the male costume,

but the one which we have just given, was sworn to by the priest, who was her confessor :

“Although poor Joan was prevented from taking her rest peaceably, yet human nature can not endure without sleep. It may be, too, that the hearts of her keepers were not so hard as those of their masters. However this be, one night she slept soundly. One of the conditions she had agreed to, for the permission to live, was to put on women’s clothes, and this she had done. These clothes were, by the bishop’s orders, removed, and the clothes she had been used to wear when she was free and happy, and had led on the soldiers of her king to victory were laid by her side. When she awoke she had no choice but to put them on, or remain the scoff of the rude soldiers. She dressed herself in them, perhaps sadly thinking of the days that were passed. The bishop was on the watch, and no sooner had he heard that she had done an act contrary to her agreement, than he hastened to make himself a witness of the fact, hurried away, and meeting the Duke of Bedford on his way, told him to “make himself easy, for the thing was done,” proceeded to summon the other judges, and immediately procured a sen-

tence of death on Joan, as one who had a second time disobeyed the orders of the church — as a “relapsed heretic” — and her execution was fixed for the next day.”

De Quincey, in his essay upon Joan of Arc, makes some very acute observations upon her trial, which we will present here, and then proceed to her execution.

“Now came her trial. This trial, moving of course under English influence, was conducted in chief by the Bishop of Beauvais. He was a Frenchman, sold to English interests, and hoping, by favor of the English leaders, to reach the highest preferment. *Bishop that art, Archbishop that shalt be, Cardinal that mayest be,* were the words that sounded continually in his ear; and doubtless, a whisper of visions still higher, of a triple crown, and feet upon the necks of kings, sometimes stole into his heart. M. Michelet is anxious to keep us in mind that this Bishop was but an agent of the English. True. But it does not better the case for his countryman; that being an accomplice in the crime, making himself the leader in the persecution against the helpless girl, he was willing to be all this in spirit, and with the conscious vileness of

a catspaw. Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as that lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! Is it not scandalous, is it not humiliating to civilization, that, even at this day, France exhibits the horrid spectacle of judges examining the prisoner against himself; seducing him, by fraud, into treacherous conclusions against his own head; using the terrors of their power for extorting confession from the frailty of hope; nay, (which is worse,) using the blandishments of condescension and snaky kindness for thawing into compliances of gratitude those whom they had failed to freeze into terror? Wicked judges! Barbarian jurisprudence! that, sitting in your own conceit on the summits of social wisdom, have yet failed to learn the first principles of criminal justice; sit ye humbly and with docility at the feet of this

girl from Domrémy, that tore your webs of cruelty into shreds and dust. "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which, many times she defied their arts. Continually she showed that their interrogations were irrelevant to any business before the court, or that entered into the ridiculous charges against her. General questions were proposed to her on points of casuistical divinity; two-edged questions which not one of themselves could have answered without, on the one side, landing himself in heresy (as then interpreted,) or, on the other, in some presumptuous expression of self-esteem. Next came a wretched Dominican that pressed her with an objection, which, if applied to the Bible, would tax every one of its miracles with unsoundness. The monk had the excuse of never having read the Bible. M. Michelet has no such excuse; and it makes one blush for him, as a philosopher, to find him describing such an argument as "weighty," whereas it is but a varied expression of rude Mahometan metaphysics. Her answer to this, if there were room to place the whole in a clear light, was as shattering as it was rapid. Another thought to entrap her by asking what

language the angelic visitors of her solitude had talked: as though heavenly counsels could want polyglott interpreters for every word, or that God needed language at all in whispering thoughts to a human heart. Then came a worse devil, who asked her whether the archangel Michael had appeared naked. Not comprehending the vile insinuation, Joan, whose poverty suggested to her simplicity that it might be the *costliness* or suitable robes which caused the demur, asked them if they fancied God, who clothed the flowers of the valleys, unable to find raiment for his servants. The answer of Joanna moves a smile of tenderness, but the disappointment of her judges makes one laugh horribly. Others succeeded by troops, who upbraided her with leaving her father; as if that greater Father, whom she believed herself to have been serving, did not retain the power of dispensing with his own rules, or had not said, that, for a less cause than martyrdom, man and woman should leave both father and mother.

“On Easter Sunday, when the trial had been long proceeding, the poor girl fell so ill as to cause a belief that she had been poisoned. It was not poison. Nobody had any interest in

hastening a death so certain. M. Michelet, whose sympathies with all feelings are so quick that one would gladly see them always as justly directed, reads the case most truly. Joanna had a two-fold malady. She was visited by a paroxysm of the complaint called *home-sickness*; the cruel nature of her imprisonment, and its length, could not but point her solitary thoughts, in darkness, and in chains, (for chained she was,) to Domrémy. And the season, which was the most heavenly period of the spring, added stings to this yearning. That was one of her maladies -- *nostalgia*, as medicine calls it; the other was weariness and exhaustion from daily combats with malice. She saw that everybody hated her and thirsted for her blood; nay, many kind-hearted creatures that would have pitied her profoundly as regarded all political charges, had their natural feelings warped by the belief that she had dealings with fiendish powers. She knew she was to die; that was *not* the misery; the misery was that this consummation could not be reached without so much intermediate strife, as if she were contending for some chance (where chance was none) of happiness, or *even* dreaming for a moment of escaping the inevita-

ble. Why, then, *did* she contend? Knowing that she would reap nothing from answering her persecutors, why did she not retire by silence from the superfluous contest? It was because her quick and eager loyalty to truth would not suffer her to see it darkened by frauds, which *she* could expose, but others, even of candid listeners, perhaps, could not; it was through that imperishable grandeur of soul, which taught her to submit meekly and without a struggle to her punishment, but taught her *not* to submit — no, not for a moment — to calumny as to facts, or to misconstruction as to motives. Besides, there were secretaries all around the court taking down her words. That was meant for no good to *her*. And Joanna might say to herself — these words that will be used against me to-morrow and the next day, perhaps in some nobler generation may rise again for my justification. Yes, Joanna, they *are* rising even now in Paris, and for more than justification.”

CHAPTER XII

JOAN'S EXECUTION — SYMPATHY OF THE SPECTATORS — HER TRI-
UMPHANT END.

THE 30th day of May was Joan's execution-day. She was but nineteen years old; she was in the bloom of her youth, and yet must die.

At daybreak, Martin L'Advenu entered her cell to prepare her for her dreadful end; for she—that fair young girl, that earnest, noble heart, was to be burned to ashes that day. Yes, in the market-place of Rouen, before thousands, she was to endure that awful martyrdom. When the sentence first broke upon her ear, Joan was appalled, was overcome by its terrible cruelty, and for some moments cried aloud—shrieked in her agony. She appealed to God against the atrocious wrong about to be perpetrated upon her. In a little while she grew calm, and dried her tears. She made her last confession to the priest, and received the holy sacrament. When this last sad ceremony was over, she once more clothed herself in woman's attire. There was no longer any necessity to

protect herself from the English villains ; there was no longer any necessity for her armor, for she was about to go and dwell with the voices !

She set out for the place of execution surrounded by a guard of eight hundred spearmen. On her way there occurred an incident too touching to be overlooked. The priest who had endeavored to win her confidence in her cell, on purpose to ruin her, now came and knelt at her feet, and implored the poor suffering victim to forgive his dreadful sin. At last she came to the spot where she was to die. A platform was raised to a great height, surrounded by burning materials, so arranged as to create currents of air, which should fan the flames. The sight of this pile at first struck terror into her heart. She found there, ready to receive her, the Bishop of Beauvais and the Cardinal of Winchester, ready to witness the agonies of their victim. A sermon was then preached, when the inhuman Bishop of Beauvais arose and read her sentence. At this her tears again overflowed her cheeks, and once more she declared her innocence. She begged for a crucifix, and when one was handed to her she kissed it, and placed it in her bosom. The priest L'Advenu did this. The other priests

shouted: "How now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?" They were hungry for her blood. She was now tied to the stake, and upon her pale brow was placed a mitre with these words inscribed:

"HERETIQUE RELAPSE, APOSTATE, IDOLATRE."

The executioner knelt and begged her forgiveness, and then applied the fatal torch. At this instant the Bishop of Beauvais came very near to her, whereupon she looked at him amid her agony, and said:

"It is *you* who have brought me to this death. She was right.

The flames now spread rapidly and enveloped her, but still the noble L'Advenu staid at her feet, trying to comfort her soul. With her last breath she declared the voices were real, and that in saving her king she had obeyed the will of God. The flames by this time were so fierce that the priest was in danger, and with a generosity and thoughtfulness more than human, she reminded him of it, and asked him to leave her alone with the flames and preserve himself. As he retreated, he heard the last word floating from her lips, the name of — JESUS!

Ten thousand men wept like children; even the strong-hearted prelates wept; and amid the raging flames that young girl expired. An English soldier had laid a wager that he would throw a fagot into the flames -- he did so -- but he afterward solemnly declared that he saw a dove arise from her ashes, and fly to Heaven

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS — EXTRACT FROM DE QUINCEY — REVIEW
OF THE CAREER OF JOAN.

THE Bishop of Beauvais has been by all civilized nations severely condemned for the heartless part which he acted in the murder of his countrywoman. De Quincey, in his essay, metes out justice to the venerable murderer in the following terms :

“ Bishop of Beauvais ! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold — thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torments ; both sink together into sleep ; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd-girl — when the pavillions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you — let us try, through the gi-

gantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd-girl that had delivered France — she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream — saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart — that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests — were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps, (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages,) was given back to her by God, the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the spirits even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood, that she was to reckon for, had been exacted; the tears, that she was to shed in secret, had been

paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fights upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies — died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarion of martyrs.

“Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burthened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror — rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fears of death — most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, Bishop, that you, also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, Bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face.

But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, Bishop, well! Oh, mercy! What a groan was *that*, which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forest afar off. Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests, to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowds are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English prince, Regent of France. There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial

Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty audience is gathered, the court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is going to take his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath; counsellors there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh, from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd-girl, counselor that had none for herself, whom I chose, Bishop, for yours. It is she, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that would plead for you: yes, Bishop, *she* — when heaven and earth are silent."

In reviewing calmly the career of the Maid of Orleans, and her cruel death, it is impossible to withhold the severest censures upon the conduct of the French king, and indeed his council and the leading officers in the army. The conduct of the English was cruel in the extreme, but they have this excuse, that they were sorely tempted. Joan of Arc had caused their utter defeat and ruin. Had she not arisen like an angel of strength, to lead on and animate the French forces, they would have remained the undisputed masters of France. In a manner which seemed to them miraculous, Joan had caused their ruin. She had crowned Charles at Rheims, and unless they could make the French nation believe she had been instigated by the devil, it would be impossible to persuade them that Charles was not the lawful monarch and ruler of France. It seemed impossible for the Maid to perform what she did without help, either from Heaven or—the Prince of Darkness. The age was a superstitious one, and the English determined to burn Joan as an accomplice of Satan. Nothing can stand for a moment as an apology for their act of unparalleled atrocity — and yet the age was a cruel one. It was full of

blood, full of anguish, full of persecutions. The murder of the poor innocent girl at this day would be an act of much greater cruelty than it was in the fourteenth century. This fact is scarcely a palliation of the act—it can be no apology for it.

But what can be said—what single word in palliation of the conduct of the French king—of the French bishop—of the French statesmen, and of the French officers? The French officers sold the girl who had saved them, to her bitterest enemies—the French bishop condemned her to death; while the council and the king, who, without her aid, would in a few months have been hunted out of France—made no exertions to save her. Ingratitude such as this is more terrible than burning piles or scaffolds. We know not that Joan complained of this heartless course which was pursued toward her by those she had risked her life and reputation to benefit. It is probable she did not. She must have felt it, however, very keenly—it must have embittered her last moments. The fires of the place of execution were not more cruel than these friends of hers. It is well that she never knew that the general, for whom she

risked all to relieve in his dangerous position, purposely delivered her into the hands of the English. If she had known this, it must have broken her heart. The dark story of that day's proceedings was not revealed, until the traitor himself was sent amid his unrepented crimes, by the hand of his wife, to appear at the bar of God with the peasant-girl of Domrémy.

Of the Bishop of Beauvais we need not say more, for we have quoted the words of another upon his conduct. It is no mean punishment for a man to stand forth as he does upon the page of history — a man forever to be remembered by his terrible cruelty.

And King Charles, who, beyond the Loire, dallied with his maidens in the lap of pleasure, while Joan of Arc, his savior, was burning at the stake — for him history has its reward also.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEWS OF JOAN'S DEATH REACHES DOMREMY — DEATH OF HER FATHER — FURTHER HISTORY OF THE FAMILY — DOMREMY IN MODERN TIMES — THE END.

THE news of Joan's execution caused the death of her poor father at Domrémy. Her mother lived for many years after it, and was distressingly poor. The city of Orleans allowed her a pension of three francs a month, to enable her to live. The brothers of the Maid, after her death, took the name of Du Lis, from the Lily of France, the king having assigned it as their arms. Their lineage ended about the middle of the last century.

The very cottage in which Joan dwelt with her peasant-father, still exists at Domrémy. Montaigne describes a visit to it in his travels. The front was covered with rude paintings of her exploits. He also saw the shaded spot where she used to retire to commune with her fancies. Gradually the old house became de-

molished, until but a single room remained ; that however was the sleeping-room occupied by Joan. Thirty years ago it was employed as a stable, but is now saved from such a desecration. The council-general of the Department purchased it, that so remarkable a relic of the past might be saved to future generations.

Upon the bridge at Orleans a statue has been raised to the memory of Joan of Arc, at the sole expense of the women of that city. But the most beautiful tribute to the memory of Joan, is her statue in the gallery at Versailles, by the princess Mary of Wurtemberg. Mahon says of it :

“ Who that has ever trodden the gorgeous galleries of Versailles has not fondly lingered before that noble work of art — before that touching impersonation of the Christian heroine — the head meekly bended, and the hands devoutly clasping the sword in sign of the cross, but firm resolution imprinted on that close-pressed mouth, and beaming from that lofty brow ? — Whose thoughts, as he paused to gaze and gaze again, might not sometimes wander from old times to the present, and turn to the sculptress — sprung from the same royal lineage which

Joan had risen in arms to restore — so highly gifted in talent, in fortunes, in hopes of happiness — yet doomed to an end so grievous and untimely? Thus the statue has grown to be a monument, not only to the memory of the Maid, but to her own: thus future generations in France — all those, at least, who know how to prize either genius or goodness in woman — will love to blend together the two names — the female artist with the female warrior — MARY OF WURTEMBERG and JOAN OF ARC.”

Yes, the future generations of France *will* love to repeat the name of the heroic Maid of Orleans! And we must remember that *the people* of France have ever loved her memory. While she lived, the common soldiers and the common people loved her, and worshiped her as a being from a purer and holier sphere. If the king forgot her — if the nobility laughed at her pretensions — if the French generals were jealous of her fame, and therefore sought her destruction — still the French people loved her devotedly. They shouted her praise till the forest shook, and when they knew she was a prisoner, and at last a martyr, they wept at her untimely fate, and taught their children to keep her memory green

in their hearts. They avenged her death also — for, twenty years after its occurrence the English had but a single town in all France, and that was Calais.

THE END





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